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LLOYD GEORGE'S statement that England is facing ruin is doubtless but little exaggerated. But who is responsible for this terrible situation? Why, primarily those who made the secret treaties and indulged in the secret diplomacy with Russians and French, and then Lloyd George himself, who carried on the war long after it could have been wisely settled to the satisfaction of all friends of France and of Belgium. But these are vain regrets now. The truth is that Europe is on the verge of ruin and that England herself fears financial collapse—and the peace treaty not only does not give assurances of peace and good will, but has sowed the seeds of bitter hatred and future wars, and involves the maintenance of large armed forces. But the smugly satisfied Lloyd George sees nothing of this. He preaches harder work and greater savings, lest America carry off England's foreign trade. The best thing about his speech is the flat assertion that if the great nations should increase their armaments, "the League of Nations would be a mere sham and a scrap of paper." What nation is increasing its armament today? Why, the United States. Our navy, so Washington dispatches report this week, is pressing England's hard for first place. Mr. Newton D. Baker, formerly a charter member of the League to Limit Armaments, is urging Congress to give him twice as many regular soldiers as the United States ever had before and universal military service for our youth. And the great man in the White House remains discreetly silent, ready to jump either way.

THE latest British by-election affords the clearest proof of the steady turning of the people against Lloyd George. There have now been six elections since December, and the Government has held only one seat, and that by some three hundred votes. Lloyd George carried these contests last winter by a total majority of 29,740. His opponents have now carried them by a majority of 11,290, a tremendous overturn in so short a time, particularly in view of his return from Paris with the treaty which has gone through Parliament with scarcely any opposition. In December the Coalition won the Bothwell seat by 332 votes; it has now lost it by 7,168. These various seats are situated in England, Scotland, and Wales, and it was only in Wales that Lloyd George's man carried the day. Of course, with so large a majority as he has, such a process of attrition would need a long time to undermine him. Yet there is a growing belief that there will be another election next winter. There were only two candidates at Bothwell, a Coalition and a Labor man, and it was the latter who won so easily.

THE appointment of Viscount Grey of Falloden, the late head of the British Foreign Office, as *ad interim* Ambassador to the United States, gives an entirely superfluous assurance that the old mode of diplomacy remains dominant. Sir Edward Grey is a notable and in many respects extraordinary figure in his peculiar world, a kind of Jack Hamlin in diplomacy. He always played the game by the rules, with a careful scrupulousness and exactitude that would characterize him, one feels, under any circumstances. Such cozenage as fell to him by way of his profession he did most competently and with the singular ruthlessness of one who has succeeded in intellectualizing his calling into absolute isolation, safe from the debilitating touch of conscience or emotion. It is a tribute to his proficiency that the British Foreign Office was never better organized or more efficient than during his administration. Yet somehow, perhaps by force of this same detachment, he has always given us the impression of a man above his business and one who would gladly have preferred a more honorable occupation. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone, who seems to have been as much as anyone his political Fagin, is quoted as saying that Sir Edward had the greatest aptitude for politics and the greatest disinclination for them that he had ever seen. Well along in middle age, reported quite blind, and with memories of public life that are surely not animating, he now presents a figure, like the Master of Ravenswood, of one who sees no way but to follow the current of destiny in which he was early caught. His berth at Washington, among people who are for the most part more naïve and impressionable than those he has hitherto dealt with, will be extremely easy—too easy, perhaps, to interest him for long—and we hope he will also find it extremely agreeable.

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THE new British arrangement with Persia is ominous, although it is reported to include a guarantee of independence. Before the League of Nations meets, of which Persia is to be an equal member this separate British treaty is announced which, for all its phrases, in effect makes Persia a British dependency, for Britain is to have financial and military control. The English disclaimer that another Egypt is not wanted is of little importance; in 1885 England promised to withdraw from Egypt as soon as satisfactory boundaries and stable conditions were established there. It is also characteristic that Persia's fate is settled without a meeting of the League, just as Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan have settled the fate of the German colonies without waiting for the League. The new arrangement does away with the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, whereby Russia was given the northern zone and Persia was to retain the neutral central zone, with England in possession of the southern zone. Great Britain now takes it all. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which is owned by the British Government, will now have unimpeded pipe-lines to the Persian Gulf from all of Persia and from Mesopotamia. It has been calculated that the value of the oil of Mesopotamia alone is sufficient to pay a great part of the British war costs, and the relation of this situation to that in Mexico is not to be overlooked. Persia is one of the little nations promised self-determination; one government was serious in this—the Soviet Government at Petrograd, one of whose first acts was to recall the Russian troops from Persia. A Persian delegation has been knocking at the doors of the Peace Conference at Paris almost since the beginning. They were not permitted even to present their case. An American, Morgan Shuster, once exposed the Anglo-Russian intrigue against the independence of Persia, but the old diplomacy was too strong for him. What will Americans say to this new evidence as to how the League of Nations is to work?

HUNGARY is another example of the workings of the League of Nations as it is now operating at Paris. Representatives of the Paris League intrigue with Hungarian Socialists and trade unionists for the overthrow of the Communist Government. A new Socialist and trade-union Government is set up—for one day. The Hungarians were promised a lifting of the blockade, maintenance of the armistice stipulations as to frontiers, protection against the Rumanians, the Jugoslavs, and the Czecho-Slovaks—and then behold, the Rumanians are now sharing the mastery of Budapest with the Hapsburg Archduke Joseph, and the Parisian moralists who sputtered in a pretence of indignation are content. Anything, only not the Communists, seems to be the avowed motto of the Paris autocrats. Rumania walked into Budapest presumably in defiance of the League just as she walked into Sofia at the end of the Balkan Wars in pursuit of her territorial lusts. Neither the makers of the Berlin Treaty of 1878 nor the Triple Alliance nor the Triple Entente at that time controlled her. Now the Peace Conference, with many of its armies still mobilized, with Rumania dependent upon the rest of the world for economic aid, appears impotent to deal with one of the small Balkan nationalities. If the consequences for the world were not so tragic, the situation now developing would be one of the most amusing farces of history. What, we ask again, will Americans say to this example of the way the League of Nations is to work?

THERE is a most entertaining controversy now going on among the defenders of Kolchak. It deals with the question whether he has fled only four hundred and eighty miles or eight hundred. We confess to being little moved by it. What has happened to Kolchak is precisely what was to have been foreseen. We have remarked before upon the indefinable but irresistible impulse which drives the Allies and America to bet on the wrong horse in Russia; and that we continue to bet on him even after he has hopelessly lost the race is shown by the fact that now that his collapse is conceded even by *The New York Times*, we are rushing arms and ammunition to Kolchak—perhaps to meet him when he arrives in Vladivostock on his eastward way. That the large sums of American money thus being wasted are being squandered without the consent of Congress or the taxpayers is only one phase of the situation. But this renewed aid to Kolchak, just when our Ambassador to Japan reports that everything looks very much like the end of Kolchak, is entirely in keeping with the hopeless inconsistency and wobbling of our policy in Russia. Our State Department divided, we hear, within itself as to Russia, sticks to no one policy any more than in Mexico. As it is, there are increasingly numerous rumors that Lenin will retire in favor of a more moderate leader and that his successor will be duly recognized. But that is in the future; today we are still in the dastardly business of interfering in Russia's private affairs, of backing a monarchist and a reactionary, and of deliberately intensifying the starvation and misery of the Russian multitudes. In this connection we call especial attention to Mr. Kornfield's article in this week's issue of our International Relations Supplement, which clearly raises the issue whether Mr. Wilson has any real understanding of what is going on in Russia.

WE sincerely hope that it is not yet too late for leaders of the Jewish community in America to break off their negotiations with the Kolchak representatives here, concerning which reports have come to us from reliable sources. It is, or it ought to be, well known to those distinguished Jews that the Kolchak régime is thoroughly impregnated with anti-Semitism. This is the chief stock-in-trade of the Kolchak officers. Even the Kolchak press contains Jew-baiting statements worthy of Czarist times. The knout has returned and the machine gun is rarely silent. Liberals, radicals, and revolutionaries even of the mildest type are systematically hunted down, kidnapped, and killed by old Czarist officers. The American troops under General Graves are reported to be completely disgusted with Kolchak and his pretensions. How can it help the Jews of Russia for American Jews to be currying favor with such a régime? We do not wish for a moment to question the motives of the Jewish leaders here. But is their hatred of the Soviet Government—under which no pogroms have been reported to have taken place—so blinding that their only hope is to help the Black Hundreds into power? What other explanation can there be of the recent meeting of four Jewish leaders with the well-known "pogromchik," Metropolitan Platon?

DESPITE the declarations of Senator Hitchcock that the President will not consent to the changing of the crossing of a single *t* in the peace treaty, we are still of the opinion that there will be some changes and that the President will yet discover that they were precisely what he had been looking for all the time. There is certainly a very

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generous margin for amendment in the treaty, enough to salve all the consciences and mend all the fences in the country, before ever a really vital provision is touched. Prophecy is an uncertain business, and we rarely venture into it, but the overmastering sense of a "sure thing" impels us to take a chance. The treaty, with its interwoven League of Nations artifice, is, in our judgment, an economic letter-of-marque. It has two objects, one immediate and the other more remote. The first is, to secure an American underwriting to a huge mass of foreign international obligations, to vamp up and bolster the crumbling foreign stronghold of the international bankers. The second is, to enable the economic exploitation of small and weak nations, and especially those which in our modesty we are fond of calling the "backward nations," without the risk or cost of war. We therefore venture to prophesy that any amendment which does not interfere with this twofold purpose may be more or less coyly accepted; but that any amendment which could by any conjuration be construed into an interference with this twofold purpose will not only never be accepted, but will never be seriously proposed. We cordially invite our readers to pay careful attention to the outcome, and if we are proved wrong, we shall not only make the most handsome acknowledgments in our power, but also rigorously eschew the prophetical business during a long period of self-imposed penance.

ONE of the hopeful signs in the political sky is to be found in the activities of the Committee of Forty-Eight. This Committee, organized for the purpose of bringing together the liberal and radical forces of the country on a programme of fundamental reconstruction, has just made public the results of a questionnaire sent to independent voters throughout the country. In the words of Allen W. McCurdy, of the Committee, the returns indicate that "the American people are doing their own thinking today, and liberals are in pretty general agreement from coast to coast." The measure of agreement on specific economic and political issues is indeed surprising, in view of the disorganized condition of American liberal thought, and promises well for an intelligent campaign by the liberal forces of the country. The Committee is planning a large conference, to take place in some midwestern city early in the winter, for the purpose of adopting a definite programme and arranging for effective political action, in coöperation, it is hoped, with the Nonpartisan League and the American Labor party. Every intelligent citizen, whatever his own beliefs, must welcome a movement that gives promise of crystallizing the liberal sentiment of the country into sane and intelligent action. We wish the Committee all success in its proposed conference, which ought to be one of the first steps toward giving the country what it has lacked for decades—politics that really mean a clash of principle and not a mere struggle for place and spoils. It is in movements of this kind that our hope for political regeneration lies.

IN the epidemic of labor disturbances that afflict the country, the New York subway and elevated strike stands out conspicuous. One of the richest transportation properties in the world, the Interborough Company has for some time been hovering on the verge of bankruptcy. When the Interborough Brotherhood (the so-called "company union," organized in opposition to the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway workers) presented a demand for a fifty per cent. increase in wages, the company accordingly met them with a flat *non possumus*. This brought a strike threat, whereat Mayor Hylan as usual blustered, charging collusion between the Interborough officials and the Brotherhood leaders in an effort to force an eight-cent fare, appealed for arbitration, and finally set to providing other means of transportation. Despite the service of a restraining injunction on their leaders, the 14,000 employees of the company struck work at four o'clock on Sunday morning, and on Monday more than two million New Yorkers had to get to work as best they might. Motor trucks packed solid with passengers, jitneys, steamboats, ferryboats—all possible means of transportation were used, the long-suffering public as usual patiently submitting to inconvenience and loss. Private disregard, by the company and its employees alike, of their duties to the public, and official ineptitude on the part of the Mayor could scarcely have done more to discredit present methods of operating and controlling a basic public utility. The prompt settlement of this particular strike, through the mediation of Public Service Commissioner Nixon and Governor Smith, by the grant of a flat twenty-five per cent. wage increase, does not in the least alter the underlying fact in the situation. The system of working municipal transportation for private profit, and leaving the division of the proceeds to be settled by industrial warfare between the partners, is breaking down everywhere, and it is becoming clear that we must learn how to operate these properties for service, and how to place on all concerned the responsibility for such operation.

THE grotesque and amusing side of the actors' strike is the easiest side to see; but the public should not be too much preoccupied with it to perceive the pathos of justice in the actors' cause, and to give it unqualified sympathy. Very few industries are, from the social standpoint, worse organized than commercial amusement; very few bear with such mediæval severity upon the rank and file of their personnel. In another aspect, too, the actors deserve well of the public. Their strike is the first demonstration of an artistic profession, or of what is termed "brain-workers," and it may be expected to do a good deal towards bridging the gap that has long lain open in our society between brain-workers and those who labor with their hands, and establishing the fact of an essential community of interest. Our public, too, is generally appreciative of self-sacrifice and good sportsmanship; and no better example of these fine qualities could be found than in the action of those who stand at the head of the profession, who are well-to-do and independent, and who are now so unselfishly taking up the grievances of the dependent majority and sacrificing themselves for their redress. It gives hope for the human race when a highly-cultivated man of charming and amiable personality, like Francis Wilson, relatively rich, and representing everything commonly associated with the aristocratic spirit, is found leading an "uprising of the proletariat." The best possible fruit of this movement would be a development of a coöperative theatre; and as this result is extremely apt to follow, and as it would be such an unqualified benefit to American dramatic art, the public has a very moving ulterior reason for giving the actors every possible support and sympathy in the present critical condition of their professional affairs.

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The Threat to Mexico

SO now the President, through his mouthpiece the State Department, notifies Mexico that there will be a grave change of policy if it does not protect our citizens within its borders. Well, it will surely be no new policy, for if there is any policy except real coöperation with that unfortunate country which Mr. Wilson has not tried at one time or another, we should be glad to know of it. The first step now taken is the forbidding of the importation of arms, but this has been forbidden at least twice before if not oftener and then later restored—but all the while the illicit smuggling in of arms from the United States to Villa and other bandits has gone on with but little hindrance. Expeditions to overthrow Carranza have been organized on American soil, usually without interference except the other day at New Orleans where two plotters were put under arrest. We have a law on the statute books forbidding conspiring by three or more persons to overthrow a friendly government by force, but we use it only at our discretion. Some Irishmen daily violate it and so do the anti-Carranza Mexicans, with the connivance of some of our financial, but, of course, not of our oil interests. But waiving that, Mr. Carranza is now once more refused the arms necessary to try to protect American citizens in Mexico, while being sharply warned that if he does not do so, he will have to face a different attitude on the part of the United States.

What that attitude is to be of course no one knows except Mr. Wilson. Is it to be Vera Cruz over again, or something akin to the chase after Villa, dead or alive? Is Carranza to be driven out of the Presidency like Huerta, or is it to be a full-fledged "cleaning-up"—intervention and aggression, with the lopping off of Lower California as a little reward for our pains? The question looms up large, indeed, for if the red herring of war upon the profiteers fails to work well, there is Mexico to distract attention from the utter moral collapse of Paris and the almost incredible wrong-doing and folly of the peace treaty. The Presidential election is approaching, we still have a large force under arms, and the victory of the Democratic party looms up in party circles as more and more desirable the nearer the election comes—whether Mr. Wilson runs or not. Why not an adventure into Mexico? A dozen different excuses will do. Just as we took Haiti and Santo Domingo upon the theory that if we did not Germany would, so now the phrase runs that if we do not clean up Mexico England will, and that we have got to act, or become a "mandatory" for the League of Nations to pacify Mexico. As we write it is reported, that, Monroe Doctrine or no Monroe Doctrine, England will shortly dispatch her fleet to Mexican ports now that her chargé d'affaires has been expelled from the city of Mexico.

There will certainly be no difficulty about catchwords and charming phrases for the necessary euphemism. It would doubtless be another war to extend democracy, that is to reform a democracy which would expropriate property of foreigners, render unsafe foreign investments and refuse to protect American lives any better than we protect our own—there have been 217 Americans killed in Mexico since 1911 and 544 Americans lynched within our own borders within that period (we have no record of the number of those killed in strikes and other disorders). We should find out once more that after all it is only a sham democracy in Mexico and that Carranza's election was no more legitimate than Huerta's. Now we would not deny the gravity of the situation, any more than we would deny that it is the right of this Government to protect its citizens abroad, though the question may well arise whether that right is unlimited; whether when a country is in a condition of turmoil over a long period of years a nation cannot require its citizens to refrain from entering that country. We would not deny our own sense of outrage at the existing conditions in Mexico as affecting both Americans and Mexicans. But we cannot conceive of rectifying them by force of arms or by a renewed infringement of the sovereignty of Mexico, if only because that invasion would mean the loss of so many Americans as to make 247 deaths seem like a drop in the bucket.

Now, is there no way out except intervention? Must we concede that our patience has been exhausted? It seems to us that our patience ought to be unending and that we have not tried earnestly and sincerely to better conditions by friendly coöperation and by the offer of help, financial and otherwise. It is all in the attitude that our Government shall take. It is true that Carranza is anti-American. We do not blame him in the least for being so and we should be so in his place. But if we were to give him genuine evidence of our desire to help, by extending credit, by sending friendly commissions, by refusing to permit American oil owners to subsidize bandits, as they have admitted in the columns of *The Nation* that they are doing, we should find the way to win his regard and all of Mexico's. Moreover, the pacification of Mexico has gone on steadily and surely despite the fact that it is the most difficult country in the world in which to put down outlawry—we shall find it so if we go in. We are convinced that if only the Government in Washington will make it clear that it is not wielding the Big Stick and that it is ready to do anything in its power through its friendly offices to bring about a change by absolute coöperation with Carranza the situation would clear at once.

And what is the alternative? A bit of cheap and easy military glory, then years of guerrilla warfare, the winning of the absolute hatred of the Mexican people and the distrust and fear of every other nation to the south of us, the squandering of untold treasure at the very moment when the American people ought to be economizing. But above all else it would mean a further break with the finest and best in America, with the noblest traditions inherited from the Founders, a throwing away anew of America's opportunity to show the way to better international relations, to higher standards of international morality. We showed it in Cuba, and within limitations we are showing it in the Philippines, though we have as yet denied freedom and liberty to those wards of ours. The choice before us is a simple one, but an old one. Shall we walk in the paths of righteousness, or shall we by force of arms compel another nation to act and to live and to govern itself not as it sees fit, but as we think it should. With Egypt and India and Persia and Haiti and Santo Domingo and all the rest of the "pacified" nations flaming today with bitterness and discord and hate, it would seem as if the lesson for us were plain, and merely on the grounds of expediency, without reference to morality and the Golden Rule.

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More Revelations from Russia

WEEK by week, for the health of its soul, the world is called upon to hold its nose and inspect at close range the fetid and septic processes of diplomacy. The Russian Soviet Government continues to publish documents discovered in the Czarist Foreign Office, showing the nefarious connivances of the Allied Powers, up to the outbreak of the war. The Czarist Foreign Minister, Sazonov, visited England in the autumn of 1912 to promote the Russian game of grabbing Constantinople and the Straits, which were held by a country friendly to Germany. He mentioned the arrangements he had made with France about coöperation in the Mediterranean in case Germany saw fit to resist this buccaneering project, and asked whether England would do as much in the North Sea. Sir Edward Grey agreed "without the slightest hesitation," and furthermore communicated to Sazonov the terms of the understanding between France and Great Britain, by which, in event of a war with Germany, England undertook to assist France not only by sea, but by sending an expeditionary force to the Continent.

Sir Edward Grey, it will be remembered, in answer to repeated questions in the House of Commons, denied the existence of any such arrangement to the very last, as also did Mr. Asquith. His last denial was made about two months before the war began. Now, the first written evidence of this understanding appears in a correspondence which was in part read in the House of Commons on August 3, 1914, between Sir Edward and M. Cambon, dated in November, 1912; but Grey's communication to Sazonov antedates that, and therefore shows that it had been in force for some time. The fact is it had existed since about 1906, when Sir Edward took the first steps in the regular diplomatic technique by authorizing the "conversations" between the English and French military and naval experts. The correspondence between Grey and Cambon furnishes one of the finest specimens of the "gentlemen's agreement" that we have ever seen. It is smooth, ingenious, innocuous, reassuring, and may mean anything one wishes it to mean. One notes with interest that the one sentence in it which might perhaps have set the suspicions of Parliament aflame was never read to the House. It is given in full in the White Paper, possibly by oversight, and was published on August 6, 1914, after all the mischief was done.

King George was present at some of the conversations in 1912 between Sazonov and Grey, and Sazonov reports to the Czar that the King "spoke even more decisively than his Minister":

> With obvious excitement His Majesty referred to Germany's efforts to be equal to Great Britain in naval power, and exclaimed that in the event of a conflict the consequences must be disastrous not only to the German navy, but also for Germany's maritime trade, for "we shall sink every single German merchant ship we can get hold of." These last words reflect, apparently, not only the private sentiments of His Majesty, but *also the prevailing English attitude with regard to Germany.* (Italics ours.)

Let us see. Do we not remember some sort of official outcry from Great Britain against the inhumanity of sinking all English ships and some rather downright boggling at the inhumanity of the submarine campaign? It seems to us that we have heard something of the sort from propagandists in this country whose connection with the British Foreign Office was unacknowledged only by polite fiction. If Mr. George or Mr. Balfour had made this threat in a popular speech, one might put it down as the extravagance of an electioneering tub-thumping land-lubber who really did not know the significance of what he was saying. But the King of England is a sailor, a naval officer. If we remember correctly, before his brother's death changed his career, he had risen in his profession to the captaincy of a third-class cruiser. Moreover, he was speaking in the privacy of a diplomatic conversation where extravagance has no place. It surely is a most extraordinary thing that a sailor, a British naval officer, by profession aware of the serious implications of this threat, its weight of moral responsibility, should have made it under such circumstances. We should be happy to see this statement of M. Sazonov cleared up and proved libellous; and how fortunate for this purpose it is that M. Sazonov himself is available. He now represents the Omsk Government, or whatever is left of it, and was at the Peace Conference, hand in hand with the Allied representatives, who presumably still know where he may be had if wanted. We propose that he be confronted with this note and cross-examined on its content, say, by Sir John Simon and Professor Pokrovsky, or by Mr. James M. Beck and M. Chicherin. If the statement could only be established as a libel, not only against the King but against the English people, one could maintain all one's pride in the spotless purity of Allied intentions and go back undisturbed to one's comfortable belief in the unique and unprovoked responsibility of our late enemies; and of course, it is a great advantage to be able to do that.

It is interesting to observe that in April, 1914, there was no question of Belgian neutrality, of which so much was heard later, but Sir Edward Grey showed a clear disposition to "organize common operations of the English land and sea forces not only with France but also with Russia," which was precisely the commitment Russia wanted. Accordingly, Sazonov reported to the Czar the working details of the Russo-British naval arrangement. The British North Sea fleet should take as good care as possible of the German fleet, thus offsetting the superiority of the latter over the Russian fleet, and permitting a possible landing of the Russians in Pomerania. Further, since there was a shortage of transport, England was to send a sufficient number of merchant ships to Russian ports *before hostilities began.* England, according to the propagandists, was taken tremendously by surprise when Germany pounced upon Europe, but the foregoing does not seem to show it.

Quite interesting, too, is the warning sent by the French Government to Russia, after the Sarajevo incident, to do its mobilizing a little less openly. This warning was transmitted to Sazonov by Isvolsky, the busy Russian Ambassador at Paris. The French War Minister, according to Isvolsky, "expressing the same idea, said to Count Ignatiev that we should say that we were ready, in the interest of peace, temporarily to delay our mobilization-measures; which would not hinder us from going on with our military preparations and even strengthening them, while merely refraining from transporting troops in mass." As a candid exhibit of diplomatic morals prevailing between two particularly high-minded Allied Powers, we regard this as extremely hard to beat.

Why cannot honest men take service under a political

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government and discharge it according to the principles of elementary honesty? When the public begins to press these questions, then it is on its way to a profitable reconstruction of society; and it is as raising these questions, therefore, and ranging them stark and uncompromising before us, that the documentary revelations of the Russian Soviet Government are chiefly valuable. The conclusion drawn by Pokrovsky is, we believe, inevitable: that responsibility for the inconceivable crime of 1914 "rests not with this imperialism or that, but with imperialism in general, the French, the British, the Russian, no less than the German and the Austrian."

Logophobia

SOME parts of our population have suffered more from the epidemic of logophobia than from the epidemic of influenza. Logophobia is a disease that sometimes takes a whole generation to run its course; it can be cured only by drastic brain-surgery; and it is most infectious, being spread as readily by the mere perusing of a newspaper as by exhalations from mouth to mouth. Although the war heightened its virulence and dignified it with a long name, logophobia is really nothing else than the old-fashioned fear of words, a malady from which we have all at some time suffered. Unfortunately, an attack of logophobia does not result in immunity; while the young are especially vulnerable, they do not afterward become germ-proof as with whooping cough or measles. On the contrary, a sharp crisis of logophobia is likely to beget other crises even sharper, and tending to a chronic condition of hysteria.

The fear of words is a disorder to which Americans are peculiarly liable, perhaps because we are young and ignorant, and tremble before a word as a savage before a gun that goes off without visible agency. We are a nation of doers, not of thinkers, and such are always panicky about the names of things. While we are ready to fly at any action hammer-and-tongs, we quail at examining a word as if it might have a bomb in it. Yet it sometimes becomes the duty of a brave man to examine bombs in order to discover what kind of ammunition the enemy is employing.

We are afraid of words because we have never liked to penetrate their meanings. Speed is the thing we have always been after—and how could anybody get along in life if he stopped to examine the meaning of every word that lay in the road? Mere indifference to meaning is a fruitful soil for the incubation of the logophobia germ; but the malady does not really become a menace until this indifference increases to a state of fear that makes a man, instead of *trotting along* as fast as he can *over* all the words on his path, suddenly shy off a mile into the fields to avoid approaching some harmless little term. A phobia is, as everyone knows, the psychological name for any disease that causes panic in the pit of the stomach; but of course psychology is itself a name no one should mention to an infected audience because it is itself a terrifying word, likely to bring on a shivering fit.

Since it is the nature of Americans to avoid meanings whenever possible, the chief reason why we are afraid of words is simply that we do not want to know what they mean, and when people tell us their meaning that frightens us still more. But we Americans are as courageous as we are thoughtless, and there are not many of us who enjoy feeling that we would rather shy up a tree than look a word or a bomb in the face and find out what all our pother and panic are about. There is just one cure for logophobia, and that is self-scrutiny—to discover whether one's reaction to a given term when seen in a newspaper or heard from a platform is really justified by the true significance. By all means let us have fits over two popular antipathies if the two words, *socialism* and *internationalism*, are as terrible as some people make them out; but if after serious search of their contents they are found to be not so explosive as they look, let us stop going up in the air over them. Words are something every man must look at for himself if he is not to be stampeded into logophobia. In the first place, let us clip off the *ism* from *socialism* and *internationalism*. About the only *ism* one may safely acquire is *patriotism*, and even that during a severe attack of logophobia may be changed into *patrioteer-ism*. Minus its *ism*, *socialism* is simply *social* and that instantly harks back to the Latin noun that signifies *ally* or *comrade*. The root of the word means comradeship; but that root has spread strange and truly portentous branches into our vocabulary because so loosely do we use the term that socialism may be applied to any governmental condition, ranging from coöperative control to anarchistic chaos. But at its deepest, at its best, socialism simply means government through coöperation of all classes for the establishment of justice to each,—this aside from any economic question or theory.

In like manner apply the scissors to the tail of *internationalism* and you have left only a harmless *inter-nation*, merely a union of nations for mutual advantage, an arrangement that looks as practical and as unalarming as our own federation of states. In fact, the United States is the last country that ought to be afraid of internationalism, because Europe informs us that our own federation suggested the idea, and also because the principle of the tolerance of nation for nation is the one we have been practicing on our immigrants with such good effect that we were able to send our polyglot army to wipe German nationalism off the map. Another *ism*, that *nationalism*—as dangerous a word as *nationality* is a noble one.

There is a funny notion current that *international* means *unnational*. A little learning is not always a dangerous thing, for a very slight rooting into derivations reveals that *inter* means *among*, and that *un* means *not*. You cannot very well talk of *inter, among, nothings*. You would have to have nations, and the more vigorous the better, in order to have any *international* federation *among* them. *Internationalism* means coöperation among all nations for the establishment of justice to each. Thus *internationalism*, like *socialism*, when courageously studied, is seen to mean nothing more terrifying than *coöperation*. Now if there is any word that we are *not* afraid of to-day it is that word *coöperation*.

Above other men our solons and shepherds, since they are entrusted with the public safety, should be immune to logophobia, so that they may distinguish between sheep and wolves; yet we were lately warned against a motley company of wolves among whom we recognized so many sheep that we could only blink back at them their own astonishment. A sense of humor might be recommended to investigating committees as an excellent safeguard against logophobia—and possibly also against Bolshevism.

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The Unionizing of Professors

WHEN the Association of University Professors was formed some five or six years ago, there were not wanting expressions of horror at the very thought that college professors would organize after the pattern of mere mechanics. But unfortunately for the profession, there has been nothing in the record of the Association to startle any one. Indeed, it has proved a sad disappointment in more than one case, and during the war emergency, when it had a unique chance to stand up for freedom of thought and speech, and the right to hold a minority opinion without facing dismissal, the Association failed lamentably. It did nothing to prevent the writing of a chapter in the history of our colleges of which they will one day be sadly ashamed. What wonder then that professors are turning to something else, and have decided to form local unions to be affiliated with the Federation of Labor? Of course, such a step has been greeted in some quarters as a sign that Bolshevist principles are invading our institutions of learning, and it is no doubt true that *The Nation* itself would have been pained and shocked, a dozen years ago, by the news. But times have changed; the sweep of the union movement has made it clear that if the intellectuals are to exercise the influence in this country that they should, there must be a closer affiliation between brain-workers and manual laborers.

Certainly an approach to the Federation of Labor ought not to strike any one as very radical in this day when that august body has made such a reputation for conservatism and respectability. Even the professors of the University of Illinois might ask to be excused from the charge of radicalism since their union is directly affiliated with Mr. Gompers's organization. As a matter of fact it appears that those who took this step at Urbana were conscious only of very modest and, to all outward appearance, unexceptionable purposes. As members of a university supported by public funds, they saw an opportunity for bringing their institution closer to the interests of a large part of the population. The organized high-school and grade-school teachers had already discovered in the labor unions a willingness to be guided in questions of educational policy which promised much advantage to the public. Where formerly private interests had wielded the influence of labor in matters requiring legislative action, the teachers were now able to gain a hearing for their views and to have a determining voice on subjects of which they were best qualified to judge. Why then should not the university, whose trustees are chosen by popular vote, whose budget is awarded by a popular legislature, be a great gainer by being brought into closer contact with a numerous body of citizens and enlisting its more enlightened and sympathetic attention? The fear that it might assume a partisan bias in conflicts between capital and labor was amply offset by a firmly fixed impression that it already leaned toward the less popular side.

Besides establishing more intimate relations between the people of the State and the university, the Illinois teachers hoped to gain for themselves a more direct influence over the internal policies of their institution. At a time when workers by hand were being conceded the right to a voice in the processes which affect their livelihood, it does not seem extravagant for the man who works with his brain to demand a greater share of responsibility in the management of his profession. To be sure the participation of professors in university business is pretty general, and there are more complaints about the frequency of faculty meetings than about the scarcity of them; nevertheless it is speaking moderately to say that the administration of our universities is from this point of view susceptible of improvement. The truth is that too much depends on the character of the administrative heads, and it is no more desirable for the government of an educational body than for any other kind of government to rest on the will of a beneficent despot. At Illinois a committee appointed by the president labored for some years to devise a charter by which the position and prerogatives of the faculty should be accurately defined and guaranteed. Much mystery surrounds the present status of the document, but the new movement is in part expressive of the same desires which animated the labors of that committee.

Seeing that the union has in mind the welfare of the institution as well as the advantage of its members, it will seem surprising that it should have met with a response which can be called nothing stronger than lukewarm. The teaching staff of a great university includes a large variety of human beings. There were some (let us hope not many) who declined to take part out of sheer complacency with their individual lot. Others were deterred by a traditional distrust of labor unions, accompanied by the rather frivolous fear that the teachers might concern themselves with such sordid irrelevancies as salaries, or that they might even be called on to strike sympathetically with the Janitors' Union. A greater number preferred to sit on the fence and await the outcome rather than to commit themselves to a doubtful cause. Most important was the coldness or open hostility of administrative officers, particularly departmental heads, some of whom gratuitously saw in the movement a reflection on their own conduct of university affairs. Their attitude was instrumental in keeping at a distance many of the younger men, who were probably over-timid in anticipating damage to their future careers. Owing to these combined forces of conservatism and inertia, timidity and complacency, the organization reduced itself to a handful of the younger and less influential teachers, the natural rebels, and convinced liberals. As at present constituted, the membership does not muster experience enough in the problems of administration, or attractive enough leadership to warrant strong hopes for the vitality of the union. It has gone so far as to sketch out a commendable programme for investigating and reporting on points of educational interest, but the means and the men for carrying it out are not yet visible. Perhaps the ideals underlying the union of teachers are strong enough to blow the breath of life into th embryo; perhaps the anæsthetizing spirit which hovers over the American Association of University Professors will also shed its gentle influence over this.

But what after all is needed is a strong vital body that will speak out absolutely and unqualifiedly for the right of freedom of thought and conscience, and will itself teach the teachers how sacred this right should be. After that the colleges should be freed from the domination of uncontrolled or political boards of trustees, and after that in turn should come the question of better pay and living conditions—which mean greater capacity for work and increased self-respect.

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An Interview with President Carranza

By L. J. DE BEKKER

MY purpose is to present the President of the United States of Mexico to the people of my own country by direct quotation of his views on important questions, with a sketchy record of the conversation when he received me in audience at the National Palace.

At four o'clock a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of Mr. Carranza, and I passed through a long series of antechambers to the handsome apartment reserved for public receptions. The President, who had been seated in an easy chair beside a small table, arose to greet me with a firm grasp of the hand and a pleasant smile. Following the custom that prevails in Spanish-American countries, I had submitted, with my request for an interview, a series of written questions. Mr. Carranza said that he had read these questions, and would dictate replies which would be sent to me later, but that he was prepared to discuss some of the matters thus brought to his attention, or to give any other information that might be deemed useful in promoting a good understanding between the American and Mexican peoples.

This good understanding, I ventured to suggest, had often been imperilled by deliberate misrepresentation of fact in the sensational press of both countries, to which the President assented. He believed, however, that the purpose of these publications was so well understood in the United States that their power to injure either a nation or an individual was practically gone. In explanation of the Mexican Government's toleration of a yellow press within its own territory, he said that he made it a rule to read every attack published against his administration, and to act upon any suggestion made for the improvement of any branch of the government. Merely personal attacks against the President he had ceased to read, but if he suppressed personal criticism directed against himself it probably would have the effect of ending criticism of his administration, which he regarded as too valuable to be dispensed with. I have reproduced this much of the conversation relating to the press because it amplifies Mr. Carranza's views on this subject as expressed in the formal questions and answers, which follow:

"I assume, Mr. President, that whatever misunderstandings have existed between your Government and that of the United States have been cleared up; that whatever differences remain will be speedily adjusted through diplomatic channels to the mutual satisfaction of both countries. My readers are profoundly interested in the reconstruction, in the future of Mexico, and I am sure that they desire the bonds of friendship strengthened between our peoples. What proof does Mexico desire of this increased cordiality of sentiment on our part?"

"Our relations with the United States are better each day, because having passed through the period of the war, the American people are now convinced that we remained actually neutral during an epoch when it would not have been to Mexico's advantage to enter the world war. The best proof of friendship the United States can give us in the future would be to establish complete freedom of commerce and communications with us, and to follow a policy of non-intervention in our internal affairs, and, on the part of the American Government, to avoid occasions of friction by exercising greater caution in making representations or claims on behalf of foreign citizens residing in Mexico."

"During a brief sojourn in this beautiful country I have heard from many sources of the policy of conciliation your Administration is putting into effect. I have witnessed the joy of certain Mexicans at one time suspected of designs against the Constitutionalist Government on being permitted to return home after years of exile. Has the time come when a general amnesty may be declared safely for all except the most dangerous characters among the exiles?"

"There are a number of Mexicans who abandoned their country and remain in exile without other reason than vague apprehensions, as they were not expelled from the country by the Mexican Government. All of these Mexicans have the permission of the Government to return. Some of the Government's political enemies have also been returning from time to time, after having manifested a strong determination not to take part in plots or conspiracies, and to keep the peace in all respects. Those who are responsible seriously for crimes committed in Mexico have no intention of returning. There is no thought of enacting a Law of General Amnesty until after the next elections have taken place."

"Given the moral support of the United States Government, and unrestricted access to Mexico for the purchase of guns and ammunition in our markets, how long would it take your Administration to rid Mexico of the skulking bandits who still infest isolated districts?"

"Assuming that complete freedom in the acquisition of arms could be counted upon, no help from the United States would be needed beyond a vigilance on the American border that would prevent the organization of parties of rebels and hinder them from obtaining supplies to be used afterwards in Mexico. Under such an understanding Mexico would be thoroughly pacified by the end of the current presidential term. But to achieve this, maintenance of an army will be required at the approximate annual expense of 150,000,000 pesos. Neither the time nor the money involved will seem too much if compared, for example, with the years and dollars expended by the United States in the pacification of the Philippines." (Note: Mr. Carranza's term expires at the end of next year. The figures in pesos equal $75,000,000.)

"Financial circles in the United States are keenly interested in the recent visit of Señor Nieto, of your Treasury Department, and in the proposed visit to Mexico of a group of Anglo-French-American bankers, regarding a proposed loan to Mexico. I can see the need of reconstruction and of public improvements in many directions, especially in the matter of railways and the stabilization of foreign loans. On the other hand, I have been told the Federal revenues have largely increased within the last twelve months, and that Mexico, having weathered the Revolution without financial aid from foreign sources, is not incapable of continuing her development through internal resources. May I ask frankly if your Administration really desires a foreign loan, and if so, of what amount and for what purposes?"

"Mexico really believes that she does not need, and therefore does not wish to obtain a loan to cover official expenses, as we hope to be able to meet all outlay from our own re-

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sources, handled with economy and efficiency. Naturally, we should be glad to come to some agreement with our creditors whereby we should be allowed to resume the payment of interest on an equitable basis. We do not wish to promise blindly terms that we cannot fulfill, and hope to convince our creditors that any agreement must be based on Mexico's actual possibilities. All the economic and financial necessities of Mexico will be resolved when the flow of capital returns to its natural channel, much that is Mexican having been diverted to the United States, and when new capital is attracted to Mexico by the good opportunities for investment undoubtedly to be found here. The Mexican Government is disposed to give true, effective, and equal protection to all capital invested here, without either promising preferences and privileges to foreign capitalists, or creating unfavorable conditions among its own people. Knowledge of this attitude alone will, we hope, result in a great many investments being made here."

"Cuba will sell sugar to the United States this year to the value of $450,000,000, and tobacco to the value of $200,000,000. She will retain a handsome balance after having spent in the United States perhaps $500,000,000 for machinery and supplies. Under normal conditions in Mexico, commerce between our countries ought to be five times as great. What can be done at this time to develop our industrial and commercial relations?"

"The best method of improving relations between the two countries is one which is already in operation; that is to say, facilitating and encouraging visits to Mexico from professional and business men in the United States, with journeys by the corresponding classes in Mexico to the United States, by means of which the people of both countries will acquire a better knowledge of each other. At present mere official relations between countries are of a very secondary importance when compared with those established by direct contact between professional and business men, merchants, manufacturers, students, and workmen."

"I am aware of the interest the President of the United States of Mexico has manifested in agricultural developments, and of those advantages of climate which permit Mexicans to cultivate with success the products of every zone; and I should be glad to know what may be expected in the way of irrigation and scientific land culture as a result of the impetus given under your direction by the Department of Agriculture."

"Mexico must make a great effort to open up all the land that can now be cultivated, and our agricultural problem involves the education of the rural population, and the establishment of a system adequate to our conditions of agricultural credits (Crédito Agrícola Refaccionario) that will free the farmers from the ancient system of mortgage loans."

"Education of the masses is one of the most serious problems of republican government. In my country the ignorant voter is a menace. In some Spanish-American countries he is a danger. What plans are being made for primary education, and for a graded course of instruction leading to the technical schools, now that Mexico has assumed control of secular education?"

"The nation has come to the conclusion that the chief effort that must be made in the direction of education shall be a considerable expansion of primary education, which at present is under the direction of the municipal authorities. Both the Federal and State Governments are trying to assist in the development of technical, agricultural, and industrial education, giving less attention to the universities and leaving them to private initiative. Meantime the Government prefers to give its best efforts to the extension of primary education."

"In our country as in yours freedom of the press is a constitutional guarantee, but with us the rights of individuals are safeguarded by statutory restrictions. In dealing with public matters I find at home as in Mexico a tendency to construe liberty as license. Allow me to quote your own words at a critical time in Mexico, because they precisely describe conditions in the United States during a period of trial, in regard to the newspapers of Mexico:

" 'It is well known that the abuse of liberty of speech and of the press in times past contributed importantly toward weakening the stability and prestige of the legitimate Government of the Republic, and to aid and encourage the audacity of its enemies.'

"You are aware, Mr. President, that Mexico's worst newspaper enemies in the United States have also been the worst enemies of the United States. Shall these discredited publications be permitted to foment new misunderstandings between the Mexican and the American peoples? Or have they lost their power to do evil, now that their motives are clear to all?"

"At present any attempt to restrain the abuses of the yellow press would be interpreted as weakness on the part of the Government, and as dread of the free discussion of its acts. Although I realize that the attitude of many small newspapers is uncalled for and unjust, the Government has decided to take no steps to suppress them, unless they invite rebellion and assist with their propaganda those who would overthrow public order. When abuses of the yellow press reach a danger point, society will demand the enactment of laws by the legislative power that will safeguard private life and personal reputation by providing for the punishment of those responsible."

The only question, either oral or written, to which the President declined a response was that relating to petroleum. Having been officially informed that the interpretation of Article 27 of the new Mexican Constitution, which appears to confiscate oil properties, was still a matter of controversy between the Governments of Mexico and the United States, I offered to transmit any statement he might care to make on this subject.

Mr. Carranza said that, having submitted to the Mexican Congress a law intended to clarify this situation, until the Congress had taken action, it would not be proper for him to discuss it.

I had also been officially informed of a rumor that, notwithstanding the clause in the new Constitution making the President of the United States of Mexico ineligible for reelection for a consecutive term, Mr. Carranza's supporters might seek to continue him in power by means of an amendment to the fundamental law.

Mr. Carranza left no doubt in my mind on this point. Mexico, he said, had never really enjoyed a democratic government in the old days, a government with free elections at which the people could choose their chief magistrate. He regarded the law which prohibited a president from succeeding himself as a wise and necessary safeguard, if the people were ever to learn the means of self-government.

So ended my first meeting with a man who has left with me an impression of kindliness, courage, and intelligence.

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The Liberal Convention at Ottawa

Ottawa, August 10

A NATIONAL convention of the Canadian Liberal party, the first since 1893, was held in Ottawa on August 5-7. It had been planned by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in order to draft a new party programme, and his death rendered the summoning of such a convention doubly necessary, as it was felt that a Liberal party should choose its permanent leader by as democratic a method as possible. Each Federal constituency sent three delegates, the Liberal members of the provincial legislatures chose representative panels, and all ex-Ministers, members of the provincial Cabinets—of which eight out of nine are today Liberal—all Federal members, senators, and candidates defeated at the last election attended by right. In all, over eleven hundred delegates assembled, and a most satisfactory and well-managed convention took place.

The first day was consumed chiefly in what might be called ceremonial and in the selection and organization of the various committees, on whom fell the very important preliminary work of sifting and consolidating the numerous resolutions and presenting the results to the general meeting. The whole range of national life and politics was covered in the platform, which the convention adopted by instalments in the last two days. As is inevitable in a country like Canada, divided as it is into distinct geographical and economic units, and by racial and religious cross-currents, compromises had to be effected on many important questions; but the conflicts over policy were settled in the committees, and great unanimity prevailed in the main assembly of delegates.

The chief interest of the platform centred in the tariff, which, largely as a result of the desperate increase in the cost of living, is now once more the leading ingredient in Canadian politics. The fiscal policy finally agreed upon is nearer to Free Trade than any ever before enunciated by a Canadian political party. It demands the extension of the free list to a large variety of articles, including, among others, all articles of food, farm implements and machinery, sawmill and lumbering machinery, fishing equipment, gasoline, illuminating and lubricating oils, cement, and fertilizers. Large reductions in the duties on footwear and wearing apparel are recommended, as well as lesser decreases on all other commodities now subject to tariff duties. In addition, the preferential reduction on British goods, now 33 1-3 per cent. of the general tariff, will, if the Liberals attain office, be increased to 50. A resolution was unanimously carried demanding the immediate acceptance of the Reciprocity Agreement of 1911 by the Canadian Parliament.

A strongly nationalist sentiment pervaded the Convention. It supported with enthusiasm a resolution opposing Imperial Federation, and demanding that any proposals for a change in the status of Canada, after being ratified by Parliament, should be submitted to a referendum of the Canadian people. The labor convention and general principles incorporated in the League of Nations were accepted, and the formation of industrial councils—on which labor and the general public, as well as capital, should have representatives—was urged for the more equitable control of industry. Schemes of social insurance, to be conducted in coöperation with the provincial Governments, and to include widows' pensions and maternity benefits, were ratified. The Government was condemned for the failure to manage the national system of railways properly, but no general policy of public ownership of transportation systems was suggested. A very liberal policy to provide for the proper rehabilitation of returned soldiers in civil life and the comfort of their dependents was heartily endorsed. The failure to check profiteering and exact from the rich their proper share of taxation was the subject of severe resolutions. Needless to say, the arbitrary governmental methods of the Union Government came in for general attack. The Convention demanded the immediate re-establishment of the control of the Executive by Parliament and of Parliament by the people, through the cessation of administration *via* Orders in Council and the restriction of a democratic franchise and its free exercise. An important change in electoral machinery was advocated in the shape of proportional representation. Such are the salient features of a programme which was exceedingly radical, considering that the delegates who drafted and ratified it were largely drawn from the professional classes, the merchants, and smaller business people. There were unfortunately few farmers at the Convention, and practically no manual workers.

Having completed the programme, the Convention proceeded to elect a leader to succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There were four candidates: Mr. G. P. Graham and Mr. D. D. Mackenzie, two old-line politicians, whose claims were based on party service rather than on ability; Mr. W. S. Fielding, long Finance Minister in the Laurier Cabinet, and Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, who was the youngest member of the same Administration. After two ballots Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Graham retired, and the final contest lay between age and experience on the one hand, and youth and energy on the other. The Convention, being youthful in its own composition, decided for Mr. King by 476 to 438, and at the suggestion of Mr. Fielding, the selection was made unanimous.

Mr. Mackenzie King, though only 44, has had a good deal of political experience. After some apprenticeship as a commissioner to investigate sweating in certain trades, he joined the Dominion Civil Service as Deputy-Minister of Labor in 1900. At that time, Canadian labor affairs were, for some strange reason, under the ægis of the Postmaster-General, but Mr. King widened the scope of the sub-department so that it was accorded a separate portfolio, of which he became the first holder under Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He had entered Parliament in 1908, but lost his seat in the Reciprocity Election of 1911. As no opportunity of securing another seat arose, he joined the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation in 1913, and was charged with the task of making a special investigation into industrial relations all over the world. This work occupied him till 1917, and its results are to be found in his recent book, "Industry and Humanity." Meanwhile he had not lost touch with Canada and her politics, and when the great Liberal split occurred in 1917 over conscription, he sided with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He ran as his candidate in North York, and was defeated by only a small majority in spite of the disfranchisement of many probable supporters.

He has now succeeded to the leadership of the Liberal party under very favorable circumstances. While the Borden Government is reactionary, unpopular, and beset with difficulties which it has neither the capacity nor the will to

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solve, the Canadian people are in a thoroughly radical temper and are prepared to welcome a more progressive programme. With the recent change in Prince Edward Island, eight out of the nine provincial legislatures show large Liberal majorities. Many of the best of the dissentient Liberal-Unionists have rejoined their own party; in fact, none remain with Sir Robert Borden save natural-born reactionaries and a few experts in the mean arts of electioneering. On the other hand, Mr. King has several vulnerable points of attack which will be freely used by unscrupulous opponents. His absence from Canada during the early years of the war and his opposition to conscription will be denounced as certain signs of a lack of proper Canadianism, and he is sure to be accused of designs to hand over the control of Canada to the Rockefeller family. Worst of all, a few years ago, in addressing some electors of Teutonic descent in Ontario, he was rash enough to speak in kindly terms of the German people. Already the Tory papers are talking grimly of the cross-entries against his record. His own performances will largely decide his fate. His knowledge of labor and industrial problems is an invaluable asset at the present juncture. He is weaker on the agrarian side of politics, which bulks very large in Canada today, and his chances of success will largely depend on his ability to grasp the significance of the new agrarian movement and coöperate with its leaders. The Liberal party has practically adopted the agrarian programme, and the reactions of this development will be interesting. Mr. King's steady support of Laurier, who always regarded him as his most suitable successor, has endeared him to the French-Canadians, and he will probably be elected by acclamation to the seat that Sir Wilfrid held so long in Quebec East.

The real significance of Mr. King's election lies in the fact that it is a notable victory for the progressive elements in Canadian liberalism. The powerful invisible government of the "interests," which has for many long years controlled to its own profit the destinies of Canada by the skilful manipulation of both parties, strained all its influence to secure the election of Mr. W. S. Fielding. He is old, conservative, and filled with a deep reverence for the rights of property; during his fifteen years as Finance Minister under Laurier he steadily declined to abandon the protectionist principle and conferred many favors on the steel and banking interests. A nominally Liberal Government, which, under his safe and sane leadership, might chloroform democratic discontent by a few judicious concessions and specious compromises, had great attractions for our financial mandarins. To many it seemed to offer a preferable alternative to the Borden Administration, whose muddles and unpopularity were driving the country to extreme radicalism. Of the other two defeated candidates, Mr. D. D. Mackenzie, a fine old partisan who regards politics as a sort of Highland clan-feud, had ruined his chances by a declaration in favor of protection in the Commons last session, and Mr. G. P. Graham, an ex-member of the Laurier Cabinet, who had the backing of the old and sadly-battered Liberal machine, obviously belonged also to a vanished order of things. The delegates wanted sound principles and real radicalism, rather than shoddy compromises and party claptrap. They desired a leader and a policy which would create a vital cleavage between themselves and the Tories and bring some reality into politics. None of the rejected candidates would have achieved this end; they would have kept the Liberal party a pale replica of its opponents and left the active championship of democratic progress to the agrarian and labor movements.

In reality the Convention is a great victory for the western radicals and grain-growers. The Liberal party has virtually adopted the programme of the Canadian Council of Agriculture and has burnt its boats as far as any backing from the "interests" is concerned. It becomes to a large extent the "country" party, but such a party is badly needed in Canada to give rural civilization a chance. By its bold course it saves itself from virtual extinction in the provinces west of the Ottawa river and offers an opportunity for the *intelligentsia* to coöperate politically with the various democratic elements, who seek an alteration in the existing economic régime. The Unionist party, having lost all the truly liberal elements in its composition, is condemned to the rôle of Toryism and defence of the *status quo*. Its defeat at the next election ought to be reasonably certain if Mr. King can induce the various elements opposed to the existing Government to coöperate. Unanimity of effort is Mr. King's chief problem and it has baffled many a political leader in Canada.

J. A. STEVENSON

Keep Your Eye on the Red Triangle

By JAMES RORTY

Mother, dear, I've just finished mess,
And I'm here in the Y. M. C. A.
How I missed your tender caress
Since the day when I marched away.
Don't worry, dear, I'm contented here—
What is more, I'm feeling fine.
Everything's all right, dear, and every night
I shall drop you a line.

(*Chorus*)

You can picture me every evening
At the close of the day,
Writing a little letter
In the Y. M. C. A.
Don't you worry, mother darling,
For when the skies are gray,
I can always find a little sunshine
In the Y. M. C. A.

Words and music by Irving Berlin.
(Written especially for the A. E. F.)

"YEH," remarks the perverse and ignorant doughboy (or the splendid and redoubtable doughboy, depending upon the moral to be pointed and the tale to be adorned); "Yeh—sunshine is right. And that's about all you *do* get."

Which is surely a deplorable attitude. Moreover, it is not true. Somebody page Mr. Perkins. What were those statistics about the number of cigarettes and sticks of chewing-gum the Y. M. C. A. gave away free, and the amount of profit the Y. M. C. A. didn't make on its sales to the doughboy? Indeed yes. The Y. M. C. A. dispensed other things besides sunshine for soldiers. The statistics prove it. However, I am afraid that no amount of statistics will replace the stuffing which several hundred thousand ignorant, ungrateful, hasty-tempered, primitive, and unjudicial-minded doughboys and others have kicked out of the Y. M. C. A. Nor do I wish to paint the perfect lily which the A. E. F., more in pity than in censure, has planted on the grave of our native Tartuffianism. Let us simply say that the Y. M. C. A. is S. O. L. ("Soldier out of luck," is the chaste euphemism by

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which *Association Men,* the Y. M. C. A. magazine, translates this curious bit of army slang). Yes, the Y. M. C. A. is S. O. L. and will never be the same again.

That suggests a thought—supposing it should really change? What if the Y. M. C. A., being despised and rejected of men, should turn morose and introspective—should begin to sprout and nourish for its own edification that rare orchid which is the soul? Stranger things have happened. What if the Y. M. C. A. should run amuck and start asking itself "What is religion?" and "What is a priest?" I am no alarmist. I realize as well as anybody that a piece of incendiary literature like the Bible is probably safer in the hands of the Y. M. C. A. than it would be elsewhere—the Y. M. C. A. as it used to be, that is. But remember—the Y. M. C. A. has had almost the Christ-experience. It went unto its own—went tooting trumpets and bearing a clear though not exclusive title (the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, and the Jewish Welfare Board also shared, of course)—and its own received it not. And what makes it harder to bear is that the Y. M. C. A. came off rather worse than its competitors, particularly the Salvation Army. I fear that we are in for a period of conferences and conventions and general soul-searchings among the spiritually-minded. The Y. M. C. A. will want to find out what happened to it; and it may even find out. There is the Bible. And some irresponsible Bolshevist might come along and slip it a second-hand copy of Renan. And then is it not conceivable that the Y. M. C. A. might put two and two together and discover why it was that the Salvation Army came out of the war with colors flying, whereas the Y. M. C. A. has been chasing alibis ever since it went to France?

I have a mind to give the secret away right now. It would be better, of course, if the Y. M. C. A. could be induced to read its own Bible and find out for itself. But no—I don't trust it. Although why this should be so difficult I can't see. Why all this puzzlement about why the Y. M. C. A. wasn't popular? The Salvation Army in the war was Christian—early Christian; while the Y. M. C. A. was—well, is the apposition of Christian and Pharisee so inapt after all? The Salvation Army was and is sentimental and anti-institutional. So was the Christianity of Christ. One of the essentials in any priest's equipment is humility; I believe the early Christians added poverty and certain other things. And a priest's place is with his people. There really is no place for superior attitudes in the Christian religion as Christ taught it. The Y. M. C. A. has always muffled itself in the superstitious reverence which we in America attach to the simulations of real things—to the simulations of religion, of art, of science, of education. But the war has stripped a good deal of that comfortable upholstery away. The Y. M. C. A. has been to its Calvary. Mayhap wonders will ensue. Who can tell? Purged in fire, possibly it will be the Y. M. C. A. itself which will exemplify that spiritual awakening which was to have been one of the fruits of Armageddon. And if that should happen, what would be the attitude of the ex-doughboy, the ignorant—excuse me—the splendid, redoubtable doughboy?

Why, the doughboy would forgive and forget and all the rest of it. The A. E. F. is full up with Scripture. You see, the Y. M. C. A. actually did give away Bibles. I got one of them myself. And there is something in the Bible about turning the other cheek. Sure, the ex-doughboy will be all right. Onward, Christian soldiers. Keep your eye on the Red Triangle.

A Compromise Railroad Solution

By JOSEPH IRWIN FRANCE

THE plan for the operation of the railroads proposed by Mr. Plumb, in behalf of the Brotherhoods, has, like a chemical reagent, suddenly precipitated the hard problems which must be resolved if we are to formulate a rational, national policy. Shall we return the roads to their previous owners to be operated under an obsolete and inefficient system of competition—competition of road with road under the Sherman Law, competition between capital and management, labor and management, and labor and capital, with threatened interruption of service by strikes, when conflicting interests reach an *impasse,* while the public interests suffer?

Each of the various possible forms of control has its own attendant advantages and evils. Shall there be nationalization of the roads, which would ultimately give us a consumers' or shippers' control, and would tend toward a reduction of rates, the depression of wages, deficits, and a menacing bureaucracy? Shall there be financial or capital control, as in the old days, with excessive capital issues and constant clashes between capital and labor, or shall there be a control by the workers, with the possibility of such ruinous increases in wages as would destroy the efficiency and threaten the financial stability of the roads?

The Plumb Plan is designed to combine the advantages, while avoiding the evils, of all of these various forms of control. It looks in the right direction, even if it is defective in certain fundamental particulars. Its board of directors, with the three-part equal control by the shippers and investors, represented by government directors, by management, and by labor, is formed in harmony with the sound principle that each of these three essential factors should be represented on the board. The question as to the proper proportion in representation of each of these factors of control is a very different and difficult one. Personally, while convinced that social evolution is steadily in the direction of greater social coöperation, I foresee great perils in the adoption of the coöperative form before there has been developed the true spirit of coöperation and a large capacity for coöperative effort. To issue possibly nearly twenty billions of dollars of government bonds to enable the nation to purchase the railroads, and to turn these over for operation to a board controlled by labor, whose dominating motive is now most naturally the competitive one, a desire for higher wages, would be to imperil the whole coöperative plan, and to invite financial and perhaps national disaster.

I am inclined to look with favor upon some scheme which shall be a compromise between the Warfield, the Lenroot, and the Plumb plans. Under such a composite one, there would be created privately-owned regional corporations, to be controlled by boards of directors made up of representatives of capital, of the Government, and of labor, thus securing the protection of the investor, the consumer or shipper, and the producer. There would also need to be a fixed rate of return for capital, guaranteed in part by the Government, continued supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission, ample provision for extensions and betterments, with an equitable distribution of all of the surplus earnings for the benefit of the employees. All of these questions may, however, be considered matters of detail in com-

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parison with the vital issue to be contended for, this being the provision for some representation for the employees in the responsibility of management and some adequate participation by them in any excess of earnings. This right to participate in the responsibility of management need not and should not be confined to mere membership by a few in the directing boards. The elective system for the selection of shop foremen and men for other positions could be wisely and widely employed. The principle of democracy in industry is a sound and progressive one, and in its rational application, this country, with its large reserves of initiative and ingenuity, its absence of aristocratic traditions, and its unequalled capacity for self-government, should lead. The railroad problem is big with possibility and opportunity.

Within the huge and fateful alembic of this war, there have taken place elemental alterations in the structure of our civilization, which mark the everlasting finality of much that could no longer be in the established social order of the world. The old order has indeed been destroyed. Can the new order be ushered in without a prolonged period of disorder? This is a question to which only a wide-visioned statesmanship can furnish an affirmative answer. Stable society must be the resultant of properly balanced competitive and coöperative forces. The reactionaries worship a rampant individualism, which is a powerful corrosive, making for social disintegration. The extreme radicals advocate a communism which tends to soften and melt the social structure into a formless mass. Rational social evolution is toward a higher plane of national and industrial organization, in which competition and coöperation shall blend, as do carbon and soft iron, to make the tough tensility and elasticity of steel.

The strain of war revealed the inherent weakness of the competitive system, while blundering bureaucrats, clothed with autocratic powers, have furnished ample warnings of the perils which must attend the extensive nationalization of productive industry. And yet we now realize that democracy in society is but a mockery without democracy in industry. Our aim must be the utmost possible personal liberty, combined with the highest attainable social efficiency. During the war we should have subdued competition for profits and stimulated coöperation for production. Our failure to do this curtailed production, created a huge national debt, and caused an unnecessarily serious currency inflation, for all of which we are now paying heavy penalties in excessive prices for all commodities.

Contributors to This Issue

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JAMES RORTY will be remembered as the author of the amusing sketch, "The General Says Good-bye," in *The Nation* of July 19. He has recently returned from France as a member of the A. E. F.

The Actors' Strike

By F. T. VREELAND

MANY actors have complained in their time that audiences "walked out on them." Now the actors have walked out on the audiences. With the recent strike of actors and actresses began one of the most remarkable family feuds ever recorded in the annals of the stage. Once outcasts from society, they have demanded a recognized position with the rest of their species, even going so far to obtain it as to join the American Federation of Labor and ally themselves with stage-hands and property men, heretofore considered the performer's natural foe. The players have banded together and maintained a united front, blasting the accepted belief that wearers of the sock and buskin were so self-centred that two of them could get along together only if one were deaf and dumb. They have suddenly developed a class consciousness, which leads to the suspicion that some of them secretly indulge in the perusal of Karl Marx. The words "capital" and "labor" are frequently heard at their mass meetings, quite as though grease paint were entirely compatible with the terms. Art seems to have been sent to Cain's theatrical storage house. Yet with the closing of a majority of the theatres on Broadway, more real drama, replete with heart-throbs and the necessary comic relief, has been exhibited gratis on the sidewalks than many a temple of the histrionic muse has housed.

Primarily the theatre folk are striking for recognition of the Actors' Equity Association, the organization around which they have rallied with banners, speeches, and enthusiasm. They are urgent for collective bargaining, asserting that in any individual argument between actor and manager the latter always has the last word, since he holds the pay check. Bound up with this is the matter of arbitration for disputes, with a board chosen jointly by the Equity and the managers, presided over by any neutral umpire who cares to take the risk. On many of the streamers which have been borne on the scurrying automobiles spreading footlight propaganda, the strikers have declared that they are "not demanding more pay but fair play"; but that is merely a stage convention. The players are demanding more pay to the extent of asking that regular weekly performances be limited to eight, with extra pay pro rata for Sunday performances and holiday matinées, when other people are privileged to forget business.

The position of the Producing Managers' Association, the representative body of the theatrical moguls, is that recognition of the Equity would destroy the actor's individual responsibility, causing him to break his contract at the behest of an outside organization, rather than at his own sweet will. The arbitration they offered was purely an individual affair between actor and manager, with the Equity not even playing a thinking part. Concerning extra pay, the managers contended that the actors were receiving from them more currency than the theatre had ever seen before, outside of stage money, and that the players could easily afford to work on Sundays and give holiday matinées without increasing their income-tax. Moreover, the managers maintained that this additional burden would virtually ruin the small producer in the West, who relies on his Sunday performances to make enough to keep the wolf and the sheriff away from the door.

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When the first orders for a walkout were given two weeks ago, just before the curtains went up, the audiences affected were amazed, for though they had heard advance rumblings of the strike from the daily press, they had discounted the possibility of a strike in this quarter on the unconscious assumption that such a privilege as attending the "Ziegfeld Follies" was after all inviolable. The actors' union turned them into the street, to wander rather dismally for a time in search of entertainment, until they found it presently among the hundreds of striking actors who were displaying temperament in solid phalanxes all over Broadway. Certainly this much can be said for the strike, that it keeps the theatrical profession out in the open air. Many of the players, with the instinct for the histrionic still working while they weren't, were unable to resist the temptation of turning the Great White Way into a gay picnic ground. On the first night one comedian skipped up and down 42d Street in boyish white knickerbockers, while others sang popular songs in almost popular voices. Outside the restaurant on West 45th Street where strike headquarters were established, members of the profession have kept the traffic blocked with their presence and the atmosphere in circulation with their cheers. Cheers, in fact, have been the most plentiful commodity along Broadway lately.

Besides organized parades and injunction suits by the managers, the strike has had the usual features of such an upheaval in a factory town, save that they are more picturesque, since the players are all wearing their summer attire. Prominent actors have gone on picket duty, adopting a weapon far more terrible among actors than among garment workers, the social "cut." It operated so virulently on Kenneth Douglas, the English comedian, that he was compelled to join the Equity, and it forced Eddie Cantor, before he finally went on strike, to say plaintively: "Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Erlanger are fine men, and they pay me a lovely salary, but they don't associate with me. The people who associate with me call me 'scab.'" Recriminations were hurled by both sides, the managers remarking that they were interested to see that the actors had aligned themselves with hod-carriers. To this an actor replied that "at any rate, hod-carriers rise." Arthur Hopkins said that the Equity deprived the actor of his own responsibility, to which his friend, De Wolf Hopper, retorted that a manager forfeited the $10,000 posted with his organization "if he used an Equity handkerchief."

One of the numerous defendants in the Shubert suit for $500,000 against the Equity for closing two of their productions is Fred Niblo, brother-in-law of George M. Cohan, who is a leader in the managerial fight to push the lawsuits and keep the actors on the anxious seat. This is only one indication of the split that has occurred, for every few feet on Broadway one runs into a broken friendship. Mr. Cohan's resignation from the Friars caused 300 members of that club to march along Broadway and appeal to him to come back, though moving Mr. Cohan only so far as to make him take his cigar from his mouth. The social aspect has been strongly emphasized at Great Neck, Long Island, where a large colony of managers and actors dwell and golf together —or did, until the great schism came. Now formal and distant politeness is the rule on both sides, giving the impression of an armed truce, and at a recent party attended by players and producers, while there was no sign at the door reading, "Leave your weapons outside," there was one which warned, "Don't talk business."

On Studying Biography

By CARL VAN DOREN

IN any number of senses biography is the basis of all study. History we must now and then examine in the singular, that is, as biography. Philosophers the most abstruse and rigorous betray somewhere or other the "pragmatic grouch" which lies behind their systems. In art, of course, matter and method are the man himself. If science is less, religion is even more a question of personality than any other subject of human concern. For every moral principle there are a dozen proverbs, and for every proverb a hundred stories of how men have really or fictitiously behaved. That Carleton College should have added a Professor of Biography to its staff, apparently the first such action on record, is therefore more than a fascinating piece of news and a satisfying sign of intelligence; it looks almost like a fundamental discovery. Professors will be horribly tempted by the idea, and students will be benefited whenever professors yield and follow. Viewed merely in its professional aspects, the plan has real promise because of the way in which it cuts across old departmental boundaries, introducing "Literature" to "History," "Art" to "Science," "Philosophy" to "Education." Should it thrive, it ought to make less numerous the type of student illustrated in one of the universities by the bewild red interrogation: "Do you mean the 'History' Renaissance or the 'English' Renaissance?" Should it spread widely, it ought to have an effect, in time at least, upon the technique of biographical writing. How many long biographies would be short, and how many short (or long) ones would not exist at all if there were any general standard for that difficult art? As it stands, biographers again and again see their work as drama or epic, and follow an alien law. No wonder, when there has never been produced, in all literary history, any really eminent treatise on the art and science of biography.

Dr. A. W. Vernon, the new Professor of Biography at Carleton College, may very possibly, and reasonably, not concern himself with technical matters, but he will be bound to study the strange problem of the motives of biographers. Think of the vast credulity, not to say mendacity, of the writers of saints' lives in all ages, from the most pious monk, reporting a miracle which he thinks he has seen, to Mason Locke Weems, hilariously yarning about the virtues of George Washington. No lie is too absurd or gigantic in these good causes. Or think of true men coolly blackening the names of the unapproved, as when a thousand pens maligned Voltaire for the glory of truth. Even the autobiographers can be trusted perhaps least of all. Ethan Allen, that blunt patriot and backwoods philosopher, puts into his own mouth set harangues which he says he uttered in the heat of action, but which he could have composed only in more deliberate, more classical hours, thinking of Cæsar and Thucydides. And think of the difficulty we have in separating fact from joyous invention in the work of those two other robust souls who had travelled too far to be followed all the way—George Borrow and Herman Melville. Biography has nearly always been the tool equally of the moralist and the fictionist. To bring the matter closer to our honest day, think of sincere Conservatives and sincere Radicals genuinely finding in one another's confused search for sound policies only evil-hearted plots against the order of the world as it is or

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should be. Surely fiction is the native dialect of mankind, and the truth an esoteric language as yet but imperfectly learned and little loved.

The study of biography, however, must go further than the mere analysis of error. At the present time its very particular duty is to heal some of the wounds analysis has already made, and to restore to the conception of human personality something of the unity which we often forget that it has. We all know it will not do to divide the mind into its faculties as if they were merely associated entities. We know well enough that in morals there are few blacks and whites, few angels and devils, few heroes and villains. The great difficulty is to instruct the young without dividing up the moral universe in this convenient and dramatic way and yet without confusing them in their conduct. At this point the realistic study of biography comes most valuably to the rescue. Such abstractions as intellect, the emotions, and the will, the absolute saint and the unregenerate sinner, the economic man, the genius, the mystic—all these lose their power to mislead when not ideas but persons are studied; or rather, when the ideas are studied as things observed in the persons instead of things which the persons exist only to exemplify. Half, perhaps most, of the heroes of the race are to their admirers little more than machines, remote and wrongly seen for the reason that literature has made some revelations of them here, and history there, and religion at some other place, but there has been nothing to weld these elements into one single person. It is really absurd. We do not expect a living man to live when he is cut to pieces. We have no better reason to think a dead man can live piecemeal.

Perhaps we Americans, with our republican partiality for simple characters, are especially in need of the study of more complex types. As a nation we are very unfamiliar with them; our history lacks them, our literature lacks them. But biography ministers to more than such local needs. Everywhere may be found the human need for fellowship with large and abundant natures. "I do not travel," said Emerson somewhat symbolically, "to find comfortable, rich, and hospitable people, or clear sky, or ingots that cost too much. But if there were any magnet that would point to the countries and houses where are the persons who are intrinsically rich and powerful, I would sell all and buy it, and put myself on the road today." If biography is not that magnet, nothing is, and a good collection of biographies is that excellent country of the *intrinsically* rich and powerful. Even though most of the records are fragmentary and partisan, something emerges when we study the life of a great man systematically that is more than any of his particular aspects, something central and impressive. It is the contagion which his actual associates caught from him, the personality which in some mystericus way survives and shines through the rubbish of legend or controversy which may since have obscured it. By this rubbish most great men are known, and misknown. To have gone behind it to one genuinely important person is to have learned what no wealth of surface knowledge can give. Without question we do not find it easy. Men like Cæsar, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Tolstoi, are hard to come at because their vast extent confuses us as to what are the central facts about them. It is the business of biography and of teachers of biography to help lead us to these centres, and they can do it only by bearing constantly in mind that personality instead of prejudices, temperament instead of doctrines, must be considered the immortal part by which great men continue to live and work.

Foreign Correspondence

Profiteering in England

London, July 21

WHAT, precisely, is the difference between profit making and profiteering? Mr. Lloyd George attempted a definition in a speech delivered at Dundee on June 30, 1917. "Profiting," he said, "is fair recompense for services rendered, either in production or distribution. Profiteering is an extravagant recompense given for services rendered." This distinction would scarcely bear a close analysis. There are occupants of political and commercial posts, both in England and in America, whom no one would dream of calling profiteers, but whose warmest friends would not claim for them that they render to the community full value for their salaries. On the other hand, anyone who charged a fellow-man $500 for a drink of water that saved him from perishing of thirst would certainly be a profiteer, although the service he rendered might be well worth the money.

In the same speech the Prime Minister declared that profiteering, while unfair in peace, was in war an outrage. But it so happens that it is always during war that this offence flourishes in its most shameless forms, in spite of the popular apologia for war as cutting out from the body politic the canker of business corruption bred by long years of peace. In this war there has been a certain amount of the profiteering that is sheer fraud, as, for instance, in the supplying to the Government of goods which the contractors knew to be worthless. Such scandals have been revealed in every war, and the present has been no exception. A thin line divides such conduct, ethically, from the acquisition of swollen gains through taking advantage of the culpable negligence or wastefulness of Government officials.

But the most general type of war-time profiteering is in transactions in which manufacturers and merchants utilize the urgency of the nation's needs to demand prices that give them a margin of profit far beyond the normal. A main part of the official defence made for extravagance in the purchase of munitions was that, at the time, munitions were so badly wanted that there could be no haggling about terms. Other instances occurred, early in the war, in the purchase of timber for huts. At a later stage came a shortage of supplies—food, clothing, and furniture—needed by the civilian population, who were accordingly "squeezed" by those manufacturers and traders who had any stocks available. No doubt, the general rise in prices was chiefly due to the financial policy adopted, but profiteering was a substantial contributory cause.

Perhaps the most flagrant instances occurred in the shipping world. In the speech already quoted, Mr. Lloyd George described the profit in shipping as "a perfect scandal" in the first two years of the war. At a public meeting a Labor M. P. brought down the house by a clever parody of the familiar question, "Daddy, what did you do in the great war?" He pictured the shipowner's child as asking his father, "Daddy, whom did you do in the great war?" and the answer, he said, would be "Everybody!" The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Bonar Law, caused something of a sensation by a speech in the House of Commons in which he recounted his own experiences in shipping—experiences of which he confessed himself "really ashamed." He had invested in 15 different shipping companies a sum of money

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which, at 5 per cent. interest, would have brought him in $2,025 a year. Instead of that, for the year 1915 he received $18,120, and for 1916 $19,235.

From time to time, various means have been adopted by the Government to check the operations of persons who were rapidly becoming rich by unearned increment of this kind. The prices of several of the principal articles of food have been officially fixed, though with results not wholly good. An act passed in December, 1917, took away from landlords the power to raise the rent on houses let at $150 a year or less in London and at $105 a year or less in the provinces. It was further provided—partly as a set-off against the suspension of trade-union rules during the war—that "controlled" establishments engaged in the manufacture of munitions should not be permitted to retain more than 20 per cent. above their pre-war profits. But it was generally felt that something more was required beyond these specific alleviations of the pressure from which the taxpayer and householder were suffering. If the profiteer could not be prevented from making his undeserved gains, he should at least be compelled to disgorge a reasonable portion of them to the State.

Accordingly, there was introduced in the budget of September, 1915, an excess-profits tax of 50 per cent., charged on the amount by which the profits from a trade or business exceeded by more than $500 the pre-war standard of profit. In 1916 the sum of $1,000 was substituted for $500, and the duty was raised to 60 per cent. In 1917 it was raised to 80 per cent. There were some important exemptions. The duty was not to apply to profits from "husbandry." So the farmers, who had reaped, and are still reaping, immense gains from the opportunities offered them by the war, have got off scot free. Further provisions left untouched—except by the ordinary income-tax and the super-tax—all "offices or employments," and also "any profession the profits of which are dependent mainly on the personal qualifications of the person by whom the profession is carried on, and in which no capital expenditure is required." So that, although the professional classes generally have been among the heaviest financial sufferers by the war, a barrister briefed in Prize Court cases or a journalist able to fill the rôle of military expert is allowed to draw exceptionally high fees without having them docked by the State otherwise than through the income tax.

In spite of this levy and other taxation imposed during the period, the total of private fortunes in Great Britain is believed to have increased since 1914 by several thousand millions sterling. The excess-profits duty has not touched the profits made by the sale of securities which have gone up in value. Nor has it lessened by a single penny the profits made in certain cases through high compensation for war losses. Thus, if a merchant vessel cost $500,000 in 1908, and its market value, owing to the war, had risen to $1,250,000 in 1918, when it was sunk by a German submarine, the owner received the full $1,250,000 in compensation for his loss, subject neither to income-tax nor to excess-profits duty. Moreover, means have been devised of getting round the unwelcome impost. Sometimes the gains which a company makes are allotted to shareholders as new shares instead of being paid to them as an ordinary dividend. They are treated not as profits but as additional capital, and thus escape the excess-profits tax, though they could be turned into money at any moment.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

To a Volunteer

By WITTER BYNNER

AND are you off to war, Pan?
Dance well among the dead!
For there's a shaking in your shin,
And now the tufts of hair begin
To crest upon your head.

A crest becomes a helmet, Pan,
A hoof becomes a sword,
And pipes become a bayonet—
And so, to feel the music jet,
You dance against the Lord!

And are you off to war, Pan?
We thought you long had shed
That gory happiness of horn
You felt before the Child was born—
And are you off to war, Pan?
Dance well among the dead!

In the Driftway

THEY fleece us pitilessly; the price of everything is exorbitant; in all the dealings that we have with them they treat us more like enemies than friends. Their cupidity is unequalled. Money is their god; virtue, honor, seem nothing to them compared to the precious metal. I do not mean that there are not estimable people whose character is equally noble and generous—there are many; but I speak of the nation in general. Money is the prime mover of all their actions; they think only of means to gain it; each is for himself and none for the public good.

No, these are not the words of one of our American soldiers recounting his experiences in France with the A. E. F. They are from a letter of Count de Fersen, an officer in Rochambeau's army, written to his father in 1782 in complaint of the terribly grasping Americans of that time—a letter just reprinted by *The Baltimore Sun*. Surely, after this who can doubt that the histories of all wars are alike? Some months ago the Drifter reprinted some of the American statements about British outrages in our Revolution which made the work of the Germans in Belgium seem almost civilized. And as for our brother Confederates of the South, it was *The New York Times* in 1865 which said of them that they were guilty "of wholesale massacres and torturings, wholesale starvation of prisoners, firing of great cities, piracies of the cruelest kind, persecution of the most hideous character and of vast extent, and finally assassination in high places—whatever is inhuman, whatever is fiendish, these men have resorted to."

* * * * *

THE crowd was pushing to get off the steamer by way of the narrow gangway. It was a Sunday excursion from Cleveland to Port Stanley, Canada. There were not less than two thousand people on the boat, and, as the stay was for an hour only, every one was in haste to get off. An official of the custom-house stood half way across the gang-plank making a perfunctory attempt to examine the people. The crowd was ill-tempered, for the day was hot and sultry, and the ride had lasted almost five hours. People were packed

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tightly, and the hot, oily odor that came from the engines made them more irritable. "Take your time! Take your time!" shouted the stewards. "Quit yer shovin', can't ye?" Silly women complained to their escorts of this man and that with a simulated indignation. Two men started a quarrel with a steward. Children were hoisted on men's shoulders for safety. In the midst of the human stream was a young Negro. Those behind slyly crowded him. Remarks were made in his hearing that stung. A white woman was directly in front of him, but he studiously avoided pressing her. Elbows were poked into his sides; but he maintained a rigid attitude, without a sign of force or resistance. His attitude was as nearly that of an inanimate being as a human creature could achieve; his face wore a good-natured, conciliatory smile. So, with arms rigidly held to his sides, he was borne forward with the crowd. No word of complaint, no objection, no recrimination.

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THE Drifter is one man among ten thousand at least in this respect: he candidly and eagerly likes to read proofs—his own, that is. Scott said he would as soon see his dinner plate brought unwashed back to him for the next meal as to meet his performances again in proof. But the Drifter thinks of other images and different adventures. What he likes is the fun of walking easily over paths once difficult; of counting at leisure gains earlier made at some expense of labor and even of spirit; of surveying safely, like a veteran soldier, a field where he once fought; of congenially recollecting, as a fine woman must, the subtle thrills of conquest without the perturbations that accompanied those amiable victories. Of course for the full felicity of the sensation, the proofs should not come back too promptly. They should linger for some numerous months during which there is time to forget the minor vexations of authorship. Then when they do return they have the delicate flavor of things half forgotten. The Drifter feels that he is learning something from them without the real pains of learning. He feels that he is personally conducted on a journey with someone else to do the guiding, a fellow who has been over this ground before and who can now be trusted to find his way, though he may now and then need some hint of advice, some touch of restraint, some solid nudge of warning, in extremity even some sharp correction. Or, to change the figure again, the Drifter feels that he has built him a house, however modest, and that he is taking a pardonable pleasure in strolling about through it just before the last touches are given and the neighbors are invited in.

* * * * *

FROM a friend of the Drifter in Norway comes the following. "There is a joke on Wilson going all over Norway and Sweden. It runs thus: 'Have you heard that President Wilson is going to receive the Nobel Prize for Mathematics?' 'You mean the Nobel Peace Prize?' 'No, I mean the Prize for Mathematics. You see, he is the only man who ever made fourteen equal nothing!'" But the Drifter's correspondent continues: "This jesting, however good, is still a sad jesting. For the Liberals in Scandinavia, the Nansens, the Brantings, and all their following, are heartbroken at Wilson's surrender in Paris. Like the English radicals they supported him to the uttermost. His Fourteen Points were their Bible, and they are utterly aghast at what has happened. A great hope for humanity's betterment is at an end."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Daylight Saving Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of July 19 relative to the President's veto of the Daylight Saving Law, you remark that it is a "matter in which there are conflicting interests." I myself am one of the "intellectuals" to whom it is not of the slightest importance whether we have the Daylight Saving Law or not. My father, however, is a farmer, with the farmer's point of view. For him I should like to say that the farmers are set against the fast time. They feel, whether justly or no, that it is a trick of the "city man" to work them harder. Indeed, they seem to be far more deeply incensed over this little matter than they are over American dishonesty in failing to live up to our plighted word in the peace treaty business. Now I feel that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to split the brotherhood of country and city workers over so small an issue, with so little moral principle involved. One cannot help wondering if the harder way is not "the easier way" here too, a readjustment of the running time of industries. Instead of compelling the whole people to turn their clocks forward, let those who now begin work at seven begin at six if they like, and quit an hour earlier. Let those who begin at five still begin at five. I am aware that this would involve a readjustment in the day's schedule of business that would be harder and more costly than the Daylight Saving Law. But it would well repay such labor and expense by removing the distrust of one group for another. If this is to be done, however, the Daylight Saving Law must be repealed, and the whole matter made the concern of local communities. The city and town must take the initiative, because of their flexible organization. Let the proper officials of each city or town decree that work and business shall begin an hour earlier—not that the clocks shall be turned forward, for the effect of such a change is to make the farmer change his clock also in order to be "on time" when he comes to town. The city dweller would thus have an extra hour in his day at evening, and the farmer would be going to work at the same old time. The psychological effect on his mind would be well worth producing.

Sprakers, N. Y., July 21 CLARENCE CARR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with regret your editorial reference to the Daylight Saving Law. I am accustomed to the one-sided view which the daily newspapers take of this law, but while my acquaintance with *The Nation* is not of many months' standing, I am surprised to find it championing this most vicious and class-discriminatory piece of legislation. The law is vicious, in the first place, because it inflicts hardship and financial loss on the farmer, and the farmers are the hardest-working and poorest paid (according to capital invested) of any class. Agriculture is the basic industry upon which all others depend, and even though the farmers are a minority, they should have first consideration in such a matter as this, and their decision should be final. In the second place, the law discriminates against the great mass of long-hour laborers, because their lighting and heating bills are increased. I know, because I live in a ten-hour town.

New Britain, Conn., July 22 LILLIAN R. BEARDSLEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Down here in old Missouri we should like to know what good there is in this so-called Daylight Saving Law. The business men and farmers of this State generally, as far as my observation goes, are opposed to it, and about the only class of men and women who favor it are those who have least at stake and would like to have not one but several extra loafing hours in the afternoon. Ninety per cent. of our farmers pay no atten-

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tion to it, but work by the old time, which is already twenty minutes ahead of sun-time since the Government wisely fixed the standard time over the country. The only effect it has is to cause more or less dissatisfaction among the men and women who have to work an hour later than those employed by railroads and other public corporations. On account of the heavy dews which we frequently have in the country in the summer and fall, the cutting of grass and cereals, as well as the picking of fruit, is almost impossible till the sun is pretty well up. The best hours for this kind of work are really late in the day, when everything is dry and the rays of the sun least oppressive. Therefore, as far as the farmers and fruit-growers are concerned, a better name for the law which our Congress recently tried to abolish would be "The Daylight Robbing Law." I believe, if it was left to popular vote, that a very large majority of the American people would decide for the prompt repeal of the law.

Cedar Gap, Mo., July 20 LOUIS ERB

The President's Alternative

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you not asked too much of Mr. Wilson? As I understand your position, you would have had him "appeal over the heads of the men who euchred him on every trick" (*The Nation*, July 12), to the "plain people of Europe," to "those liberals in England, France, Italy, and America who most warmly welcomed his Fourteen Points." Failing success in this, you would have had him "withdraw the instant he discovered that they [the Allies] had no intention of living up to their troth." What Mr. Wilson did, of course, was neither to appeal over the heads of the politicians at Versailles, nor withdraw. He compromised, he compromised deeply, in your opinion and in mine.

But I contend in his behalf that he had—and he must have learned this on his trip through Europe—only two courses open to him: compromise or withdrawal. I contend that the course suggested by you, appeal to the people of Europe, was impossible. For the obvious fact that you seem to ignore is that the "plain people of Europe" wanted a victor's peace. I fear you confuse "the plain people" with the "liberals . . . who most warmly welcomed his Fourteen Points." This is a serious mistake. The true liberals of England are as small a minority and as ineffective as the true liberals in America. The Seamans' Union is not exactly liberal, but it is more representative of Labor than Mr. Snowden or Mr. Macdonald. *The Daily Mail* supplies more plain people in England with opinions than *The Herald, The Nation,* and *The Manchester Guardian* put together. The election platform adopted at the last minute in the last elections, "Hang the Kaiser," "Make Germany Pay," was in response to a clear demand on the part of the "plain people." The people will change—there are signs that they have changed in some quarters already. But the wish must not father the thought in a case of this kind. The hard fact is that another war for democracy has ended in a victor's peace—not in spite of the "plain people," but because of them.

I contend then that Mr. Wilson's only alternative to withdrawal was compromise—granting your analysis of choices. A Lincoln would have found another course. He would have forced the diplomats and led the people of Europe into new paths. A Bryan would have come home with nothing but a beating. Unfortunately there have been few Lincolns in man's history. Fortunately there have been few Bryans. But there have been many, many Wilsons—compromisers, ordinary men, men with great and beautiful dreams, but lacking force to make these dreams come true. The forceful men so seldom choose the side of the angels!

Mr. Wilson and his friends gave the plain people what they asked for. That this was what the financiers wanted also is the fault of the "plain people," not of Mr. Wilson. You should include the plain people in your castigation. Then you should go into a quiet corner of the modern temple—the market place—and confess to whatever god you recognize that you are "not as other men are," that you represent, perhaps, the people of tomorrow, while Mr. Wilson represents the people of today, and Mr. Lodge the people of yesterday. So we have the astonishing combination of yesterday and tomorrow against today, and, as you say, today wins.

Port Stanton, Ontario, Canada, July 20 N. J. WARE

[Our correspondent forgets that Mr. Wilson *did* appeal to the plain people when he arrived in Europe, found that they were on his side, and so announced to the world and the Peace Conference. Then he forgot all about them and permitted himself to be euchred, where he did not freely consent to and connive at the fraud.—Editor of *The Nation.*]

Amnesty for Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I suggest that a petition to the President, substantially in the terms subjoined, may aid in convincing him that the desire for the immediate release of Debs, Mrs. Hare, and the other socialists now in prison is by no means confined to persons who agree with their opinions? I am myself strongly opposed to socialism and have written against it for fifteen years; I am even opposed to what is vaguely called liberalism. But I am yet more opposed to the regulation of opinion by persecution and orgy, and I have reason to believe that most other self-respecting men of my political views take the same position. Socialism, I believe, has never made more rapid progress in any country than it has made in the United States since these stupid and despotic persecutions were begun.

Baltimore, July 20 ANTI-SOCIALIST

TO THE PRESIDENT:

The undersigned respectfully petition that, in the exercise of your constitutional prerogative, you cause the immediate release of Eugene V. Debs, of Mrs. Kate O'Hare, and of all other socialists and other so-called radicals now in prison in the United States for their opinions, either expressed or imputed. We are unanimously of the view that these opinions are in error, and most of us have been engaged, at one time or another, in the active controversion of them. But we are convinced that the attempt to suppress them by law is far more subversive of free government and the national welfare than their unrestricted dissemination could ever be, and we are further convinced that the majority of these prisoners, and perhaps nearly all, were convicted under such circumstances that fair trials were impossible, and that their further imprisonment, since the emergency which caused it is passed, is a violation of their common right to justice under the law, and an intolerable disgrace to the United States.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Scores, probably hundreds, of American political prisoners are confined today in the prisons of the United States. Just how many there are of these politicals, including also persons sentenced or indicted and under bonds, is difficult to say. The exact number does not matter. The disquieting fact is that there can be even one. It is humiliating, it is incredible—an American political prisoner! These men and women were sentenced under the so-called Espionage Law, the spy law under which no spy was convicted. They were sentenced for what they openly said or publicly wrote and for no other reason. Whether we agree with what they said or wrote is not the question. The real question comes much closer home to us than that. For in any country where there is one political prisoner, the political rights of no other citizen are safe. If one bold speaker or writer may be silenced, who will follow next? If freedom of speech and of the press is suspended, how can any other political right, even the right of the ballot, be kept secure? Free speech

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is the protection of them all. Apart from humanitarian reasons, apart from the fact that most of these men and women are held under intolerable conditions, which will ruin their health or cause their death before their long terms are ended, it is to our own interest to obtain their release. The war is over. The plea of necessity can no longer be made for holding these prisoners. If it was wise, as some believed, to suspend the right of free speech and a free press during wartime, surely nobody who stands for democracy can make that argument today. We should at once demand general amnesty for all these political prisoners. Now is the time to make a united effort, in the press and by all suitable means. Every good citizen, by letter, telegram, or petition should respectfully urge President Wilson to grant such an amnesty. No freedom-loving American should rest till the last of these prisoners is released.

Milwaukee, July 23 E. H. THOMAS

As Viewed in Paris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to add my word to the thousands you doubtless receive in appreciation of your stand concerning the peace treaty—signed in the blood of the women and children of Central and Eastern Europe. The governing world is mostly engaged in saving its skin. All honor to *The Nation*, which has other and better occupations. I read Norman Angell's "Child Massacre as a Political Weapon" last night with a beating heart and wet eyes. For months I had been saying *quousque, Domine?* I testified once to truth as I knew it, in the matter of Mexico. During the world war, which I endeavored to look at from the beginning as *all* will in ten years—historically, philosophically—I was lapidated and had little or no power to give testimony. Now it is different. I have lived to see that truth indeed prevails, and that the lonely places it leads one to are the best places, even according to the children of this world.

EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY

Paris, July 10 (Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy)

A Cry for Help

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I can't see how the world can ever come out of its chaos until some effort is made to adopt a uniform English spelling of Russian proper names. Note, however, I say spelling. Only a few rare specimens of the human race have been able to achieve the pronunciation of them. I think the true reason that the Big Four at Paris did not settle the status of Russia was that none of them knew what the others were talking about when they talked of things Russian, and rather than admit their ignorance, they left the problem unsolved.

Every writer and translator has his own idiosyncratic way of spelling a single Russian name. As a result, one wastes time reading over and over the same articles. I thought I had read almost the whole of Russian literature, but I now discover that I have been reading over and over a single work, "War and Peace." Each translator spells Tolstoi's name differently from the rest, and in seven readings it never occurred to me that it is the work of one and the same author. Sazonov writes that Tchitcherin is a brigand, and Nuorteva writes that Chicherin is the second apostle to the heathen; and how can I be expected to know that they are talking of the same person? When a man has eleven ways of spelling his name in English, six aliases, and some hundreds of people call him everything from god to devil, it's rather difficult for an American who only the other day learned there is such a place as Russia to perceive anything of the truth. So here's first call for an *Internationale* for the purpose of standardizing the spelling of Russian names.

Marblehead, Mass., July 5 WALTER C. HUNTER

Literature

The Younger Henry James

Travelling Companions. By Henry James. Boni and Liveright.

"READING Henry James's latest book," says a certain clever woman, "was horribly like visiting my fiancé's home for the first time. The house was jammed with his juvenilia. I know he wriggled at most of what I found out." To be keenly interested in these seven stories we must be already engaged to Henry James in some degree or other. They show him so plainly in the process of becoming the man he certainly was not between 1868 and 1874, when they first appeared—so plainly that we have some compunctions, as if we were peeping. For instance, there is his indebtedness to Hawthorne in "De Grey: A Romance," which tries with but moderate success to make capital out of a family curse transmitted through several generations. The story does not belong to the clear, skeptical, and intensely secular world which James subsequently created, nor even to the pits of terror into which he sometimes later invited us to look, as in "A Turn of the Screw." Hawthorne could convince with his dark hints at an old curse, as in "The House of the Seven Gables"; he could even give body and life to a hideous metaphysical abstraction like the Unpardonable Sin, as in "Ethan Brand"; for such ideas had been in the air of Salem for two centuries. But Henry James was citizen of another universe altogether, with a remarkably different heaven and hell.

If James, once past his youth, would have wriggled at remembering his indiscreet debt to Hawthorne, he would certainly have wriggled still more at recalling certain touches of melodrama which appear in these early stories. In "Professor Fargo" the wife of a chemist, having lost her hearing on account of an explosion in her husband's laboratory, soon after gives birth to a deaf child. In "Adina" a liquid-eyed Italian peasant, cheated by one Sam Scrope out of an ancient gem found in the Campagna, gets his revenge by eloping with Scrope's sweetheart, whereupon the disappointed Scrope hurls the imperial topaz into the river. In "The Sweetheart of M. Brisieux" the narrator has only to meet the former model of the great painter before he gets from her the whole story of The Lady in a Yellow Shawl—her deepest secret. And how much more than even at his melodramatic lapses must the later Henry James have wriggled had he turned to the pages of "Travelling Companions" in which he had once painstakingly described Titian's Sacred and Profane Love and Leonardo's Last Supper. Would he ever in his maturity have thus tacitly admitted that there were those among his readers to whom these masterpieces were not already familiar? He would as soon have said outright, not hinted, that Milton is a great poet or that the Atlantic Ocean is full of salt water or that baths and razors are daily matters in the polite world.

Hawthorne, melodrama, obviousness—these, of course, Henry James left behind about 1875; so did he leave behind another quality which appears in "Professor Fargo." It is a considerable gusto for odd and miscellaneous personages. He must have been looking tentatively into a region which did not hold him. What held him appears in the passion and radiance of his descriptions of Italy. He is speaking of the summit of Milan Cathedral: "In looking back on the scene into which we emerged from the stifling spiral of the ascent, I have chiefly a confused sense of an immense skyward elevation and a fierce, blinding efflorescence of fantastic forms of marble. There, reared for the action of the sun, you find a vast marble world. The solid whiteness lies in mighty slabs along the iridescent slopes of nave and transept, like the lonely snowfields of the higher Alps. It leaps and climbs and shoots and attacks the unsheltered blue with a keen and joyous incision. It meets the pitiless sun with a more than equal glow; the day falters, declines, expires, but the marble shines forever, unmelted and unintermittent. . . . As you wander, sweating and blinking, over the changing levels of the edifice, your eye catches at a hundred points the little profile of a little

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saint, looking out into the dizzy air, a pair of folded hands praying to the bright immediate heavens, a sandalled monkish foot planted on the edge of the white abyss. And then, besides this mighty world of the great Cathedral itself, you possess the view of all green Lombardy—vast, lazy Lombardy, resting from its Alpine upheavals." Or observe James when, somewhat less impassioned but more witty, more worldly, he represents the speaker in "The Sweetheart of M. Brisieux" as wondering what Brisieux in his boyhood thought of the dull pictures in the gallery of his native town. "Conjecture was pertinent, for it was in these crepuscular halls that this deeply original artist must have heard the first early bird-notes of awakening genius: first, half credulously, as we may suppose, on festal Sundays, with his hand in his father's, gazing, rosy and wide-eyed, at the classical wrath of Achilles and sallow flesh-tints of Dido; and later, with his hands in his pockets, an incipient critical frown, and the mental vision of an Achilles somehow more in earnest and a Dido more deeply desirable." These two passages in themselves contain all the seeds of James's later manner. Already he had been taken with his desire for the luxuriant atmosphere of "Europe"; already he was learning to set it forth delicately, impeccably. We have but to turn to the story "At Isella" to see him working toward another aspect of his later method, for there his narrator, moving down to Milan, casually meets a lady who is running away from her husband to join a lover more delectable. The meeting is the "germ" of such story as there is; a drama is caught flying, as it were, and cherished, under tender and deliberate hands rounded into fine proportions. His art, already maturing, had met artlessness and had immensely profited by the encounter.

Convention That Does Not Convene

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THIS book is a considered utterance, by an established American scholar recently appointed to a chair of literature in one of our leading universities, upon an urgent literary problem of the present time. It has the charm of a fine zest and allusiveness, and it freshly illuminates the technique of poetic expression, mainly in the three chapters (V, VI, VII) devoted to recent verse. These chapters constitute the broadest and fairest treatment of the subject we have yet seen. Mr. Lowes sees that there is now proceeding, in the wake of the great Romantic movement, a needful revision of the diction of poetry. During the height of the Romantic movement, he says, "the vocabulary of poetry increased enormously its store of words of heightened emotional associations, of vague splendors, of richly sensuous suggestion. The diction of poetry became, with notable exceptions, opulent, sumptuous, lavish, rather than pointed, terse, concrete. And this very opulence of diction—at its best one of the glories of English poetry—tended to confuse the issue for the Romanticists' successors." The result was that "poetry became, as practiced by its minor acolytes, the haunt of slumberous glooms, and verdurous gleams, and murmurous darks and deeps. And so there arose a new conventional diction, less crass but more insidious than that of the eighteenth century. . . . And now against that, in turn, the inevitable reaction has set in. It finds its most sharply defined expression in the principles and practices of the Imagists, to whom, however, it is by no means confined. They merely happen to be the most articulate among the groups. . . . And the time was undoubtedly ripe for just such a revolt. The pruning-hook was needed, and though it is often used by dreadfully inexpert and ruthless hands, the stock is strong enough to stand it, and to grow more vigorously for the lopping." Mr. Lowes finds the new poetry chiefly significant in so far as it seeks "the exact word which conveys the writer's *impression* to the reader." But he makes clear that this valuable effort at renovating the diction of verse has been accompanied by considerable limitation of rhythmic beauty, and by very great loss of constructive power. Although in cultivating the field of strophic rhythm "the serious practitioners of *vers libre* are making contributions of genuine significance to English poetry," they are not, as exponents are prone to assume, really founding a new and independent tradition in verse. "The great strophic rhythms of 'Paradise Lost,' for example, which are far more significant than the rhythms of Milton's *lines*, are as free as the strophic rhythms of any poem in *vers libre*. The sentence and phrasal rhythms of the great rhymed lyrics are always potentially, and in many cases actually, as unrestrained as the modern cadences." A still more important point for our practitioners to face is the inalienable value of poetic construction. Their quest for "externality and immediacy of impression," while it has done much to renovate diction, has come to be regarded as a substitute for constructional thinking; so that the rank and file of versifiers are turning out "preliminary sketches" for finished works.

Mr. Lowes's treatment of his central theme, however, is radically confused. Quite unwittingly, it seems, he has attempted an impossible task: to erect a critical view of poetic convention upon a romantic view of human life. He views life as a continuous ebb and flow of incalculable forces, in which the controlling will and judgment of humanity have negligible functions, and in which the individual is at best a lusty swimmer striking out for undefined shores. Mr. Lowes's incessant zest in painting what he calls "the inevitable flux," "the endless flux," of life and of poetry seems now, in Touchstone's phrase, "something stale." So does the kind of "superb individualism" which Mr. Lowes celebrates. He seems oblivious of the part which it has played in bringing on our current woes. For example, commenting on Shelley's "The desire of the moth for the star," Mr. Lowes pronounces this notable verse "a poignant and unforgettable expression of one of the deepest truths of human life." Now the romantic longing of a human heart, keen and pathetic though it be, simply is not "one of the deepest truths of human life." Nor should a critic so anxious as our present author to connect his theme with the contemporary situation of human life entirely forget the anti-social impetus which worked disguisedly in the Shelleyan longings. Mr. Lowes even iterates the Byronic view of that Satanic majesty whom the Romanticists enthroned in the impossible position of the "hero" of Paradise Lost. The actual truth of the matter is of course that Milton thought that "superb" individual virtues can win a really positive value only in so far as they are subordinated to that higher will and judgment which work discernibly through human affairs; that otherwise those virtues become progressively negative and destructive—in a word, they become Satanic.

The height of paradox is to attempt a demonstration, from the standpoint of romantic tradition, of the value of human convention. For surely convention, if it has any positive reality at all, is the endeavor of mankind through corporate experiment to develop, and to embody in literary and political and other institutions, its higher will and judgment. Particular conventions are regulative judgments—the bulk of them, so far, sadly inadequate—which we have imposed upon the flux of our imaginations and emotions. But for Mr. Lowes in his historical review of them (Chapters I to IV), conventions are products of that flux itself, with very little, if any, agency of human judgment. They are produced by the strivings of that flux to "catch and fix" itself in form (compare pages 4 and 338). This process seems to the reviewer no less miraculous than that of lifting oneself by one's own boot-straps. Equally romantic, in Mr. Lowes's account, is the disappearance of conventions when outworn. They simply dispose of themselves, apparently, as Sir Toby's boots were to "hang themselves in their own straps" when they should prove not fine enough to get drunk in; though like Spenser's old man Despair, on the other hand, they continually come to life again by their own agency, and can survive countless hangings. But surely, to the eye of common sense, the continual spectacle of human revolt

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from old conventions provides some testimony to the effectualness of human judgment. For though we often spurn conventions which ought not to die, and cherish others which ought never to be alive, we do in the long run pronounce and execute judgment upon those that ought to be dead. For example, some irrational conventions in the political sphere, inherited from the Middle Ages, have been decisively sepulchred during the past two centuries, and there is good reason to hope that extinction will presently be conferred upon certain which still persist. Who would deny that cumulative human judgment, not some incalculable "evolution," has proved itself the central factor in this process? A parallel situation appears in the sphere of poetry. The irrational poetic conventionalism of the Middle Ages, taken by and large, is dead. The rational poetic conventions of the Greeks and Romans, revived and qualified by the Renaissance, are established by and large in the best modern judgments. Now, this cardinal fact in the story of conventions is simply omitted by Mr. Lowes. It is natural that he should draw his illustrations largely from the Middle Ages. It is perhaps natural that he should be interested in demonstrating the persistence, at the present day, of romantic and irrational modes of poetic convention. But when he omits the outstanding fact of the advance of modern over mediæval poetic judgment, and maintains as a whole truth the half-truth that "conventions are irrational," he cannot claim the attitude of an impartial observer. For in short, from his viewpoint, convention simply will not convene.

To be sure, our author's judgments in detail are often better than his general philosophy. But, unfortunately, they are so thoroughly interwoven with it that the total pattern is one of extraordinary paradox. There are interspersed passages to remind us that "standards of values are fixed, not by you and not by me, but by the taciturnity of time"; that "underneath the inevitable flux there are permanencies"; that the "essence of art is restraint" and that the artist's endeavor should be "to give to the amorphous welter *form*." But such advice, on top of "the amorphous welter" of the author's view of life, is too ironical. It is as though Neptune, poking his head above the seas which he has roused, should remark to the laboring ship, "You really ought to hold a straight course, instead of tossing about so." That one's best course amounts simply to drifting with the current is surely the general conviction that naïve readers, and college classes, must derive from passages like the following: "Any revolt—this, that, or the other—is merely one of the countless waves of action and reaction between which the arts, like life, perpetually swing to and fro, and through an occasional ground-swell, sometimes farther on." Again, "The world and art alike move on through what, in the main, is a continuous evolution, punctuated by the sudden flaming or flowering of a crucial moment now and then. For in poetry, as in the State, it is after all a constitutional régime, tempered by occasional revolution, that remains the least objectionable mode that has been found of muddling through. The amazing scheme of things of which we find ourselves a part demands both conservatives and radicals as indispensable instruments of its unfolding." So far from helping us to conceive a better mode than that of "muddling through," Mr. Lowes with his "countless waves of action and reaction" leaves standing very slight foundation for the "constitutional régime" which he conventionally commends. In the tossing time in which we live, his superficial advocacy of convention, together with his implicit nullification of it, gives exactly the wrong conjunction. The right conjunction is just the other way around. We need a firm grasp of the fundamental truth and value of convention, together with a clear summoning of particular conventions to the bar of the best human judgment. The literary scholars and teachers in our colleges can best serve us by clearly demonstrating, instead of paradoxically minimizing, the function of free human judgment in the shaping and reshaping of convention.

War and the Air

Air Men o' War. By Boyd Cable. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Night Bombing with the "Bedouins." By Lieut. Robert H. Reece. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Way of the Eagle. By Major Charles J. Biddle. Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Pat" Crowe, Aviator. By Lieut. James R. Crowe. Montreal and New York: N. L. Brown.
The Fledgling. By Charles Bernard Nordhoff. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Sky Fighters of France: Aerial Warfare 1914-1918. By Lieut. Henry Farré. Englished by Catherine Rush. Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE literature which deals with that once undiscovered country, the sky, is still, in its non-technical aspect, entirely composed of war reminiscences. It is not surprising that it should emphasize the flyer rather than the region in which he flies. Nevertheless the point to which this emphasis is carried is at times irritating. Readers who open a volume with some hope for a taste of the superb panorama and strange exhilaration which flight must give are buried under a trivial narrative of the squadron mess, of night scrambles from the bombs of "Boches," or, at best, descriptions of aerial combats in terms of the number of yards at which the aviator began firing, the jammings of a machine-gun, and the escape of one or the other of the combatants by certain acrobatic manœuvres. Too rarely does the scenic or dramatic word break this technical recitative. One cause for this is fairly obvious. "You don't get time to think," says Mr. Boyd Cable for the flyer. "If you stop to think, you're dead." The intense absorption of the aerial fighter in the business of fighting doubtless accounts for the frequent flatness of his narrative.

Mr. Cable himself does not suffer from such a handicap. He has been, he admits, no more than an aerial passenger. From long association with flyers at the British front he has gathered a number of flying incidents which give an interesting and comprehensive picture of the work of the Royal Air Forces. His stories preserve memorable exploits, piquant human characteristics, impressive victories and tragedies. They unfortunately suffer from the spirit of propaganda in which the author seeks to "make plain how vital to success a strong Air Force is." Instead of open-mouthed admiration of the British flyers, one feels a genuine impatience with them, and a good deal of respect for the Germans who, though they are apparently always having twenty machines destroyed by three English aviators who escape with scarcely a scratch, can still marshal the tremendous odds which Mr. Cable requires for narrative purposes. One feels, too, beneath the racy readability of these tales a lurking second-handness throughout. The associate of flyers has not in this instance given, perhaps cannot give, the impression of reality which the aviator himself can impart.

This first-hand quality shines through the last chapter of Lieut. Robert Reece's little book. The volume as a whole is inadequate as a record of night flying. Irrelevant personalities fill too many of its few pages. Nevertheless the description of "Mystery Dick," who, rejected as a flyer and put to observing, has his pilot killed and flies the great and unfamiliar Handley-Page safely to the earth, gives a vivid picture of night flying, in which "lights or stars rushed at us or receded or whirled about," and "Time and Distance became mere words without meaning."

The author of "Pat Crowe, Aviator," a series of letters from French flying fields, adds some charming episodes of the sky to our store, and doubtless his record would have been of surpassing interest but for his death at the advanced training field near Issoudun. "Jacqueline of the Chateau," a pastel of light but serious narrative, and the episode of "little Jeanne d'Arc" rising on tiptoe in her wooden shoes to kiss the skyman who makes a forced landing among her herds, are promises of what

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Lieut. Crowe might have done with aerial experience had he had enough of it. Major Charles Biddle had the experience, and his "Way of the Eagle," another collection of letters, is as representative and meaty an account of flying and fighting as any American has written. Without the "high adventure" of Captain Hall or Captain Rickenbacker, Major Biddle has a singular variety of episode to offer. Trained in a French aviation school, member of Escadrille 73 (that of Guynemer and Fonk), the Lafayette Escadrille, the 13th Aero Squadron, and the 4th Pursuit Group, he flew for almost two years and saw many kinds of flying. His pages give glimpses of Guynemer, Fonk, "Hobe" Baker, Captain Hall, and many others. Yet for all its genuine interest and meaty quality, "The Way of the Eagle" lacks in vividness. Major Biddle never escapes, despite his dozens of air duels and his seven Germans, from chronology into the glow of art.

It is the peculiar merit of Mr. Nordhoff's "The Fledgling" that it does this. The two hundred pages of the little volume are an artistic unit. Trivialities of flying school and squadron mess, scanted as they deserve, become golden. Combat in the skies has all the vividness a poet could "wish upon" it. The air is "rocked and torn with the passage of projectiles" beneath. The woods are alive with the "winking flash of batteries." The foe ("dark ugly brutes with broad, short wings and pointed snouts"), the combat with its "luminous streams of bullets," "incandescent sparks," "stutter of guns," the escape from danger in a "furious rush of air"—all are embedded in a simple but eloquent art which proves the writer's ability to recount as well as he can fight. No more vividly colored and artistic picture of the fighting flyer has been drawn, though many have essayed the portrait with a richer palette at hand.

Mr. Nordhoff does more than paint the flyer. Although personality dominates his record, the sky has a real place in it, too. Like one of the forty-niners who could hunt for gold and wonder at Yosemite at the same time, Mr. Nordhoff, even if busy with "stick" or gun, observes "a world of utter celestial loneliness—dazzling pure sun, air like the water of coral atoll, . . . cloudy prairies, great fantastic mountains . . . foothills and long divides, vast snowy peaks, impalpable sisters of Orizaba or Chimborazo, and deep gorges, ever narrowing, widening, or deepening, across whose shadowy depths drove ribbons of thin gray mist." No wonder that for him, twenty thousand feet above earth, "there are moments when infinite things are very close."

This new world of sky finds even greater tangibility in Lieut. Henri Farré's "Sky Fighters of France," with its seventeen splendid reproductions of the artist's paintings. These are themselves affirmation that there exist in the sky Alps and Edens as well as battlefields. Lieut. Farré, of course, is at that professedly more concerned with deeds than with scenery. His narrative reveals a dozen French air heroes—Guynemer, Fonk, Fequant, Auger, Dorme, Navarre, La Burthe, and, among others, the Americans Lufberry and Thaw. The glimpses of these fighters are not too vivid. There is nothing in five pages of Guynemer, *tête-à-tête*, to match Mr. Nordhoff's picture of the hero's visit to the Café de la Paix—the boyish, delicate face, the whisper, "collective but distinct," the embarrassed salute and retreat of the great boy-captain. Still, all Lieut. Farré's etchings are valuable, and some, like the death of Capt. Fequant, also immortalized in a canvas, are memorable. Naïve and almost loquacious at times, Lieut. Farré has a habit of striking off fiery phrases which reveal again the imagination which makes his canvases great. These, with passages from Mr. Nordhoff's volume, indicate that now the war is done with the air, we shall begin to know it. With our ascensions to over 30,000 feet, our battles aloft, our passenger and mail and express carriers, we are still, as laymen, as ignorant of the heavens as when the Wrights refused a contract to rise to 1,000 feet. The fighting flyer is of perhaps greater interest than the sky itself, but as his day passes, readers will be glad to learn more of that region of his battlefields which, in all his many reminiscences, he has to date rather neglected to describe.

A Shelf of Samples

The Groper. By Henry G. Aikman. Boni and Liveright.
The Branding Iron. By Katherine Newlin Burt. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Night Operator. By Frank L. Packard. George H. Doran Company.
After Thirty. By Julian Street. The Century Company.
The Blooming Angel. By Wallace Irwin. George H. Doran Company.
Madam Constantia. By Jefferson Carter. Longmans, Green and Company.

EACH of these books is fairly representative of its kind, and the six kinds furnish a rather instructive picture of the current output of prose fiction. Here is something for every taste, except the taste of that small minority which refuses to be put off without a touch of vivid originality, high distinction, or searching truth. That minority would undoubtedly select "The Groper" as the best book of the six. Mr. Aikman is very pedestrian in mind and manner, but he is thoroughly sincere and thoroughly anxious to render justly and accurately the life he knows. His protagonist goes from a small town in Michigan to Detroit, and his varying fortunes are made a living part of the remarkable growth of that city during certain recent years. With great care and competence, Mr. Aikman gives a picture of the business and financial life of Detroit, as well as of the social and moral background of that life. The picture is very true if not very cheering. Mr. Aikman seems not in any way to stand above his material or to be at all conscious of the spiritual sterility of his scene and his people. He calls his hero a "groper." What does that gentleman grope after? First, crass material success. Next, a good job and a comfortable home. He in no wise changes his values or the nature of his aims. He is simply content with less because he fails of more. There is no gleam throughout of any intellectual interests. A good job and a home are better than big business and loose living. Very true! But what a world and what a set, if one may quote Arnold on such an occasion. Since this is Mr. Aikman's first book, he may be said to have in him the makings of an artist. But he needs a light that he has not yet discovered by which to see his material and to make something out of it that any one of a million eyes cannot already see there.

There is no sobriety about "The Branding Iron." Mr. Rex Beach telegraphed the publishers that the story will be a great success as a photo-play. It will. An illiterate beauty of the Rockies becomes a great actress and stars in a play which, unknown to her, the man who subtly wronged her has written concerning the history of their relations. The authorship is revealed to her at the moment when her husband, who has expiated his early cruelty, comes to seek her in New York. In a sense very different from that in which Henry James made the remark, one gets a good deal of life for one's money in this story. One can imagine, too, the profound satisfaction of the screen audience when Joan is found in her luxurious New York apartment by her simple but spiritually cleansed husband from the Western slopes, and the polished villains of the city turn sadly back to their unregenerate lives. The book is quite terribly noble. One gasps in an atmosphere so tense and quivering. It sustains, of course, no relation to reality of any sort. But Mrs. Burt writes well and with energy and she is not without pictorial power. This is also a first book and is likely to open a far more prosperous career than Mr. Aikman's.

Mr. Packard's railroad stories are immensely skilful. They are written in a style that merits close attention from Mr. H. L. Mencken and other students of the American language. It is a style that constantly goes through the gestures of virile roughness and red-blooded directness and is, as a matter of fact, sprawling and wordy. But each story culminates in a "punch" which, for all the manly carelessness of tone, is cal-

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culated with a cold precision. Mr. Packard's characters are all railroad men, "hard-tongued, hard-fisted, hard-faced, rough, without much polish but with hearts that are right and big as a woman's—that's all." It is indeed all. According to Mr. Packard, railroad men have never heard of unions or labor problems, enjoy their honest poverty, never think of the owners, but are wholly absorbed in the romance of the great game. The engineers are all MacAndrews. Nothing disturbs their affection for their engines. Their wives hover over placid wash-tubs and enjoy the vicarious romance of their husbands' careers. In this innocent world, each man, to borrow Mr. Packard's phraseology, is content with that right of way which the Great Trainmaster has assigned him. A red-blooded railroad man who has an engine and a shack and a gentle wife at the wash-tub would not stoop, according to Mr. Packard, to desire a share in the effeminate comforts enjoyed by tenderfoot directors. We need only add that Mr. Packard is said to receive princely fees for his stories from the great middle-class periodicals.

If "The Branding Iron" and "The Night Operator" may justly be called melodramas, Mr. Julian Street's "After Thirty" is certainly polite comedy. And it is good polite comedy—keen, observant, full of telling bits of insight into human nature. Indeed, Mr. Street knows so much that one cannot help suspecting him of knowing much more than he chooses to tell. But he will not tell that more because, alas, he is not so much in search of truth as of pretty endings and an elegant kind of popularity. The various ladies whom his philanderer meets are, in the kind of portraiture he attempts, done to the life. But does Mr. Street really believe that his philanderer's deeper emotional life could have been as wholly untouched, as crystalline and wholesome, at the end of his career as at its beginning? To make that even superficially credible Mr. Street has had deliberately to disregard whole ranges of the inner life. If Mr. Street would once let himself go, he could write a capital comedy and come near to giving us a native "Anatol."

Sentimental farce is represented by "The Blooming Angel." It is a very unpretentious book and, of its light and ephemeral kind, a very good one. It is amusing because beneath its fun there is not a little solid observation. Charlotte Beam, Chester A. Framm, and Florabel Brannon are present in the flesh on the campus of every coeducational college in the country. It is also quite correct to represent Flossie as running off with Chester. That she invents "Angel Bloom" and makes her stodgy husband a millionaire manufacturer of cosmetics is a strain on the imagination. But the periodicals for which Mr. Irwin writes would see little "pep" in a story in which the public is not fooled out of a few millions. Flossie's character, however, transcends these bad influences and is thoroughly amusing to the end. The story is really, despite the cosmetics business, more wholesome than the solemn nonsense of either far Western or "red-blooded" romance, of which we have had immensely too much without quite guessing the nature of our surfeit.

"Madam Constantia" is an historical romance of the American Revolution and, as such, a late and lonely straggler of what was once a great army of books. Perhaps for that very reason it can be read with not a little pleasure today. Purporting to be a contemporary chronicle, it is written in an English that is healing after the ruthlessness of Mr. Packard. It is also a very good story and based on the results of recent investigation. Mr. Carter makes clear the terrible sufferings of the loyalists and recalls the sad but very memorable fact that long before 1914 "rancor bred cruel deeds and these again produced reprisals"; that in a conflict between two branches of the same race "quarter was refused, men were hung after capture, houses were burned, and women made homeless"; that open towns were bombarded, prisoners delivered to the Indians for torture, and minorities harried and exiled and slain. But he tells his story with complete objectivity, quotes the Vergilian *Tros Tyriusque mihi*, and thus succeeds in producing a narrative that is entertaining and illuminating at once.

Books in Brief

ON Dickens's first visit to America the Street Cleaning Department of New York consisted of numerous privately-owned scavenger pigs. It was for urban activities on this scale that the political constitutions of our cities were framed. As congestion of population became more pronounced, the functions of the municipal corporation widened, and instead of merely passing legal ordinances, the city was gradually forced to transform itself into an organization for conducting the elaborate industrial enterprises necessary to its existence. This new situation has brought about a reluctant recognition of the need for the expert, and the latest volume of the National Municipal League Series (Appleton) is appropriately devoted to a discussion, by Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick, of the place of "Experts in City Government." In America the expert, as administrator or engineer, has not achieved that secure status which his technical competence earns for him in the municipalities of Europe. One of the reasons for America's tardiness in accepting him is indicated by the presence in Dr. Fitzpatrick's book of seven chapters that deal with training for municipal service; education for the special duties of public office has only been offered within the past decade, and it is still in the stage of experiment. This deficiency is referred, by Dr. Fitzpatrick's eminent contributors, to the unattractiveness of municipal office under the spoils system, to the persistence of provincial residence qualifications, and to the unwillingness on the part of our conservative universities to put the training of public servants on a par with that of business men, architects, and engineers. Even the reform organizations long held to the belief that personal honesty was an adequate substitute for technical competence. In this they overlooked, as Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell points out, the fact that the expert himself, because of his professional associations, tends to be a moralizing factor, and that the presence of engineers and accountants in secure tenure of office has served in England to check political misappropriations and jobbery. It is a sign of freshened vision that all the contributors to the present volume put the "case for the expert" in terms not of increased mechanical efficiency by itself, or of financial parsimonies, but of the beneficial results of expert management upon the community's welfare. Not the least significant chapter is that by John Collier on "Citizen Coöperation with the Government," which shows that the problem of controlling the expert may be solved by the introduction of a new political element, the local community centre. It is significant that no such hopeful check upon the activities of a self-centred bureaucracy could have been set forth as practicable a decade ago. What has made the reign of the expert possible is the rise of the citizen.

THE eager interest with which one takes up "The Pathway of Life" (International Book Publishing Co.), described in the preface as "Tolstoi's posthumous message to an erring and suffering world," is certain to be perceptibly dampened by the discovery that, judging from appearances only, this is not an original work by Tolstoi, but rather a "commonplace book" of selected passages from various writers. In the bibliography attached to Aylmer Maude's Life of Tolstoi there is no mention of "The Pathway of Life," nor of the alternative title, "Teaching Love and Wisdom," which appears on the side covers of the two volumes. But in the text of Mr. Maude's work we find two passages which perhaps throw some light on the "Pathway" in question. "During 1905 . . . he also compiled *A Circle of Reading*, to which he attaches great importance, and in which, following up the path he had begun a couple of years before, he has gathered together freely-rendered quotations and extracts from writers of all lands" (Vol. II, pp. 622-3). "He continued to work at the *Circle of Reading*, revising and improving it from year to year with the same care that he puts into his own writings. Indeed, in addition to the matter selected from

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other writers, the book contains a number of stories and articles by himself" (Vol. II, p. 633). We infer, then, that "The Pathway of Life" is a translation of the "Circle of Reading." It is a pity that some critical account of the work is not given in the preface, as without it the book is certain to arouse misgivings. These misgivings will be increased by the cheap printing and binding, the second-hand cuts used as frontispieces, the dedication "To Woodrow Wilson, the Peacemaker." But assuming as we do that the work is the first English edition of "A Circle of Reading," it deserves the widest possible circulation. In substance and arrangement it is a fairly complete handbook of ethics, bearing throughout the impress of Tolstoi's vast mind—"the incarnation of fraternal love in the midst of a people and a century stained with the blood of hatred."

"ET etiam illustrium poetarum fabulis nobilitatas regiones percurrere," Milton advised his fellows during his youth at Cambridge, meaning that they were thus to travel through the ample world of the poets with the help of books. And he himself in his maturer work not only moved superbly through that world, but he became almost such a world himself—so much so that Dr. Allan H. Gilbert's "Geographical Dictionary of Milton" (Yale University Press), issued as one of the Cornell Studies in English, might nearly as well be called "A Geographical Dictionary of the Seventeenth-Century Imagination." It is true that Milton had a profound reader's acquaintance with what was known of the earth's surface in his time, even though, for instance, he seems to have thought, with most of his contemporaries, that Cathay and China were two separate countries, and Cambalu and Paquin their respective capitals; but his knowledge was perforce so involved with the gorgeous errors which his age had to take on trust from Marco Polo and Hakluyt and Purchas that it seems now all to be the substance of poetry. As we examine Milton's sources of information, carefully and learnedly assembled by Dr. Gilbert, which seem real and which fabulous: The Garden of Adonis, Arabia Felix, Eden, El Dorado, Mexico, Norumbega, Persepolis, Peru, Ultima Thule, Trebizond, Vallombrosa? For Milton the haze of distance and antiquity must have hung over them almost all alike. And yet, fable or fact, he knew what he could know about them with fine precision, being of all poets the one who most unites imagination with scholarship. Dr. Gilbert, whose admirable work is temptingly said to be but the first of a series aimed to illustrate the learning of Milton, has been modestly content to offer his material in the form of a dictionary, but the impression it will leave on lovers of Milton is a thrilling one.

IN memory of one of the many gallant British midshipmen who lost their lives during the Great War, a most interesting account is given in the small volume entitled "Harold Tennyson, R. N." (Macmillan). The facts about young Tennyson are mainly drawn from his mother's journal and from his own bright, chatty letters to members of his family. That he was the grandson of the poet and, in addition, came from such stock as the clever Boyles and the handsome Courtneys accounts for his gifts of brain and physique, as well as for his wonderfully keen appreciation of all things beautiful, whether in nature or in human relations. The story of his early years is told from Lady Tennyson's diary. After entering the British Navy, his letters home take up the narrative. In those letters written during his midshipman's cruise to the West Indies the descriptions of the places visited reveal an unusual eye for scenery, as well as a happy faculty of making real the persons he met, all of whom, apparently, fell victims to his charms. He served for a while on board the Queen Mary before being transferred to the destroyer Viking, which struck a mine in the English Channel in January, 1916. The explosion killed him and several of his shipmates, and brought to an end a career full of promise of the highest order. Once more we think with horror of the innumerable bright and innocent boys who have gone to their deaths in the British Navy before they were of an age to kill or be killed—whatever that age is.

THE avowed purpose of Joseph A. Osgoode's "Tell It in Gath" (Sewanee Press) is to combat the traditional assumption of the dominance of New England in our literary and political history and to show how large a part the South has played in the building of the nation. The main emphasis of this volume, however, is upon the first of these ideas, and particularly upon the unwinsomeness of certain aspects of Puritanism. Incidentally, the author takes occasion to cut up some of those—as Green, Goldwin Smith, and Macaulay—who have had a good word to say for the Puritan. There is also an interesting chapter on "Poe, the Artist," in which a spirited defence is made of "art for art's sake." But Mr. Osgoode injures his cause by assuming throughout his volume an attitude of contempt toward those who differ with him or who chance to belong in the Puritan camp. Thus he speaks at one point of the "snickering smartness of Oliver Wendell Holmes," and he characterizes those who find too much of jingle in Poe's verses as "critical porpoises."

THAT "there is a unity in all the arts"; that art is the only universal language, and that the painter, by making it clearly visible to engrossed and unperceiving mankind, "becomes a God who creates the world anew"; that there is at present a separation between painting and life; and that the separation is due on the one hand to an extreme of convention and authority and on the other to the exaggerated modernist revolt from them—this is the substance of W. A. Sinclair's essay of two thousand words on Painting (Four Seas Company). These are hardly novel truths, unless we are to assume, in spite of no small number of very creditable performances, that criticism in America is still at the beginning of days; and though, except for a degree of unevenness and a tendency to preciosity, they are well and attractively expressed, it is to be questioned whether they warrant the special and somewhat pretentious act of separate publication in an Art Series, with gilt edges, staring blank pages, limited edition, and other marks of "quality."

Art

Blakelock

TO speak only good of the dead may seem more than ever an obligation when a man's life has been as tragic as Ralph Albert Blakelock's. The story of his tragedy was first told too recently to be repeated now. It is but a few years since the report of his insanity brought recognition to his work. The public, knowing nothing of art, is always relieved when a reason for appreciation is found that has nothing to do with art. It can be roused to enthusiasm over the painter's struggle with physical disabilities, as the other day over the crippled girl who painted a portrait of the President with a brush held between her teeth. It was because of Blakelock's mental disabilities that a masterpiece was discovered in his every painting; that a demand grew for the pictures he had never sold before; that prices soared until twenty thousand dollars lately has been given for one picture—a sum which to him would have been the wealth whose shadow he is said to have grasped in the asylum. Even the National Academy waited until membership was but an empty honor. While he lived, Blakelock's chief claim to greatness was his insanity. Other artists have been insane. Blake was as mad as the Mad Hatter. So was Ruskin. There is no question that Rossetti's mind towards the end was disordered. Van Gogh was a violent madman. For that matter, the authorities say that all artists are mad, more or less. Their work, however, is judged by its merit, not their madness. They are great because they created greatness, not because of the infirmity that they had to contend against.

The true kindness to Blakelock's memory is not to exalt his work today that it may topple down from its pedestal tomorrow. By all means let good be spoken of him now he is dead, but to exaggerate it foolishly would be to turn it into evil—or a means

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of selling Blakelocks, as exaggerated praise was used to sell Cézannes, Gauguins, and Van Goghs in Paris and Berlin. Blakelock was not the supreme genius his admirers see in him. He was a painter with a pleasant, pretty, and poetic sense of nature, who came under, and responded to, the influence of the Romantic movement, which was still the inspiration of landscape painting when he was young. Even had his mind retained its sanity, he probably would never have sympathized with the Impressionists in their rebellion against Romanticism. He had no concern with the scientific analysis of light, no interest in the real meaning of tone and values. His preoccupation was with the romantic quality of the white moonlight, of the glowing sunset, against which he could arrange his dark masses of foliage into an agreeable composition. When he is at his best, his paintings are sensational, striking. Anyone caring for art, and seeing a group of them for the first time, as in the Brooklyn Museum for instance, would want at once to know something of the artist who made such interesting sketches. Here and there, in other collections, are landscapes that cannot be overlooked. But Blakelock's work has little variety; it never breaks free from the bonds of mannerism. Curiously, it is without the eccentricity of vision usually characteristic of the man whose mind is not quite normal; it is without a trace of the madness that is the very essence of Blake's art, or Van Gogh's. Nor, in its rigid mannerism, can it compare with the fine work of the great Romanticists. A Blakelock placed beside a Rousseau or a Diaz would disappear. It may be objected that this is too severe a test. But to try an artist by any save the highest standard is to lose all sense of proportion. The trouble is that we have as yet no real standard in America. When we have, many local reputations may be shattered. Already the National Gallery at Washington gives a warning in the contrast between the Old Masters recently presented by Mr. Cross Johnson and the American paintings in near rooms.

Praise of Blakelock has been excessive. Probably the truth is that, though he can never rank with the Masters, though his misfortunes make him no greater than the correct, prosperous, universally-bought American painters of today, still, in the history of American landscape painting, he will not be altogether forgotten.

N. N.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Repington, Charles à Court. Vestigia. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Tynan, Katherine. The Years of the Shadow. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Stuart, Leonard. The Cosmic Comedy or the Vital Urge. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

FICTION

Benoit, Pierre. L'Atlantide. Paris: Albin Michel.
Buchan, John. Mr. Standfast. Doran. $1.50.
Burt, Katherine N. The Branding Iron. Houghton Mifflin. $1.65.
Gee, Joseph. Isaacs. Lippincott. $1.35.
Hope, Anthony. The Secret of the Tower. Appleton. $1.60.
Jordan, Elizabeth. The Girl in the Mirror. Century. $1.60.
McKowan, Evah. Janet of Kootenay. Doran. $1.50.
Niven, Frederick. The Lady of the Crossing. Doran. $1.50.
Savinkov, Boris. The Pale Horse. Translated by Z. Vengerova. Knopf. $1.50.
Sinclair, Bertrand W. Burned Bridges. Little, Brown. $1.60.
Street, Julian. After Thirty. Century. $1.50.
West, V. Sackville. Heritage. Doran. $1.50.
White, William P. The Owner of the Lazy D. Little, Brown. $1.60.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Fiske, Amos K. The Modern Bank. Appleton. $2.25.
Frost, Stanley. Germany's New War Against America. Dutton. $2.

THE WAR

Bevan, Edwyn. German Social Democracy During the War. Dutton. $2.50.
De Man, Henry. The Remaking of a Mind. Scribners. $1.75.
Keable, Robert. Standing By. Dutton. $2.
Mazel, Henri. La Psychologie du Kaiser. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre.
Waugh, Alec. The Prisoners of Mainz. Doran. $1.

EDUCATION

An Educational Study of Alabama. Department of the Interior. Bulletin, 1919, No. 41. Government Printing Office.
Camerlynck, Mme., and G. H. France: Première Année de Français. Paris: H. Didier.
Chamberlain, Arthur H. and James F. Thrift and Conservation. Lippincott. $1.50.
DeMonvert, Adolphe. Aux Etats-Unis. Allyn & Bacon.
Foerster, Norman, and Steadman, J. M. Jr. Sentences and Thinking. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cts.
Hughes, R. O. Community Civics. Allyn & Bacon.
Jones, H. S. V. Words and Sentences. Holt.
Kandel, I. L. Education in Great Britain and Ireland. Department of the Interior. Bulletin, 1919, No. 9. Government Printing Office.
Pearson, Peter H. Schools of Scandinavia, Finland and Holland. Department of the Interior. Bulletin, 1919, No. 29. Government Printing Office.
Snyder, William H. Everyday Science. Allyn & Bacon.
Thomas, Robert G. Applied Calculus. Van Nostrand. $3.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Bollo, Luis C. South America Past and Present. The Author.

For the Intelligenzia:

PAVANNES *and* DIVISIONS By EZRA POUND

¶ A collection of the best prose written by Mr. Pound during the last six years. A unique collection, a book out of the common run and a summary of most of the important artistic interests of our time. $2.50 net.

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The Nation

International Relations Section

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President Wilson on Siberia

By LOUIS D. KORNFIELD

PRESIDENT WILSON has made response to the Johnson resolution by a letter to the Senate explaining our position toward Russia. As one who has just recently returned from Siberia, I searched the President's letter in vain for any sense of the realities of the situation as they impressed me and many other observers who had had opportunity to see the Siberian phase of our Russian policy in actual operation.

As correspondent of *The Red Cross Magazine*, I traversed many miles of Siberia between Vladivostock and Omsk, achieving, through a knowledge of the language, a certain intimacy with the feeling of the people toward the whole subject of intervention. In all my inquiries, I took particular care to steer clear of the official dispensers of foreign information, for I soon saw that one pursuing an independent investigation would have many advantages over the representatives of foreign governments who had to travel under the tutelage of "responsible" individuals assigned by the government authorities at Omsk. Aside from any independent observations, however, I think that any newspaper man who had been there would feel in the President's letter a curious remoteness from facts that were officially or confidentially obtainable from the various intelligence departments maintained by the Allied forces at Vladivostock and Omsk. Certainly President Wilson has had access to all of that information. It is only reasonable to assume him to have as good information on the Siberian situation as newspaper correspondents were able to collect from our own intelligence department at Vladivostock.

That intelligence department, after months of investigation on the scene, surely did succeed in separating some of the myths of the Siberian situation from the facts. Yet even at this late date the President's letter presents the Siberian matter in elementary conclusions no further advanced than those which led us to intervene in August, 1918, before we found out anything about Siberia by actual contact with its problems. Either our conclusions were correct in every detail in August, 1918, and we have learned nothing by experience, or else all the conclusions that have since been communicated to the State Department have been incompetent, misleading and false.

A minor point, for example, but challenging attention, is the anachronistic statement in the second paragraph of the President's letter, that one purpose of our intervention in Siberia was to save the Czecho-Slovak forces from destruction by "hostile armies apparently organized by and often largely composed of enemy prisoners of war." Now, the President may still believe that the "hostile armies" were composed of "enemy prisoners of war." In August, 1918, public opinion in this country had been brought up on that belief, since it could not be convinced of the necessity of intervening in Siberia merely to wrest power from the Russian masses and deliver it to the hands of a reactionary few who had not the strength to resist the will of the majority that did not want them in power. In other words, when the Bolshevist menace failed to impress public sentiment, the German menace had to be dragged in, and inasmuch as there was nothing dangerously German in Siberia except the German prisoners, we had to ascribe to them a belligerency which we denied them on the western front, where, according to our correspondents, German soldiers were glad to be captured because it relieved them of the necessity or danger of fighting.

Now, there may have been something which made a German prisoner less human in Siberia than he was in France, something that made him want to keep on fighting whether he was captured or not. All the information, however, that I could get from Russians, Bolshevist and non-Bolshevist, from German prisoners, and from Allied officers who were investigating this particular phase of the situation, seemed to indicate the contrary. Instead of wanting to fight for the Bolsheviki, it appears that the Germans stubbornly refused to fight, on the ground that, being prisoners, they were entitled to all the prerogatives of non-combatants; that being prisoners, they were through with fighting, wanted no more of it, and would not have any more if they

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could possibly help it. In other words, what was true of the German prisoners captured in France was equally true of the German prisoners captured in Siberia. The only real fighting activity of enemy prisoners of which I could find any definite record took place in parts of Western Siberia, when the Czechs ran into colonies of Austro-Hungarian prisoners. There the traditional, bitter enmity between Czechs and Magyars led to outbreaks in which Magyar prisoners showed a willingness to assist the Bolsheviki against the Czecho-Slovak troops. Out of such episodes a convenient theory was constructed that the German prisoners were fighting in large numbers in the Bolshevist army and that the Bolshevist army was practically a German army, led and manned by the Germans.

However, it must be conceded that in August, 1918, we might have believed that the German prisoners in Siberia were willing to fight against a new enemy instead of accepting their privileged position. But in July, 1919, in view of the additional information that our Government has had, it is amazing to find the President still obsessed by a myth that can strengthen the cause of intervention only by being forgotten or at least unmentioned. It was good propaganda material in 1918, but now that the war is over propaganda material is being rapidly discredited, and the dignity of the United States Senate will certainly demand some better justification for its endorsement.

Our second purpose in landing troops in Siberia, as stated by the President, "was to steady any efforts of the Russians at self-defense or the establishment of law and order in which they might be willing to accept assistance." But on the assumption that the Bolshevist majority had allowed German prisoners to fill their ranks, we were of course not interested in their particular "efforts at self-defense," or even at self-determination, which the President at one time held to be a noble ambition. But how about that anti-Bolshevist minority which organized the Avksentiev Government at Omsk? That Government, created out of the zemstvos and coöperative organizations of peasants, had as near a democratic semblance as any Government in Siberia could achieve with the machinery it had at hand and with the Bolshevists not voting. The Avksentiev cabinet was made up of liberal, fair-minded, intelligent Russians who had no sympathy with Bolshevism, but were sincerely convinced that the best interests of the Russian people required an entirely different course of political and economic development. There was not one member of that Government that was not an enthusiastic admirer of Wilsonian liberalism and believed President Wilson's assurances that justice would be done to Russia. They were avowedly anti-Bolshevist, and therefore anti-German. When that Government was the only visible working organization against Bolshevism, the Allies approved of it and encouraged its efforts. That Government invited Allied coöperation and aid, and was in existence when the Allied forces landed in Siberia. Representing the middle class and bourgeois minority in Siberia, it was a sincere effort, if not at democracy, at least at the establishment of order out of which the machinery of a democracy could be eventually developed. In other words, it was the best democracy that could be had, in accordance with our own conception of democracy.

Did we "steady" the efforts of these Russians at self-defense or at the establishment of law and order? On the contrary, not many weeks after the arrival of the Allied force in Siberia, the Allied Governments and the Allied military command on the scene stood passively by while a group of Russian army officers, drunk on monarchist and reactionary ambitions, seized the members of the Avksentiev Government, murdered two of them, threw the rest into jail, and placed Admiral Kolchak in power as Supreme Dictator and Ruler over all Siberia. A ruthless act of violence and murder was translated into convenient diplomatic language, and became for the outside world a *coup d'état.* All this was done in the presence of the Allied military authorities, who were there, according to President Wilson, to "steady any efforts of the Russians at self-defense, or the establishment of law and order . . ."

Thus we turned our backs to the will of the masses who were determined on a soviet form of government. We could not tolerate the ruthless dictatorship of the proletariat. It was anti-democratic and pro-German. Granted. But, on the other hand, when the will of the minority expressed itself in the Avksentiev Government, this also failed to receive our support. Without protest we saw the will of that minority frustrated by an act of vandalism that destroyed the Government created and supported by that minority. Hence neither the will of the majority of Russians in Siberia, which was Bolshevist, nor the will of the minority of Russians in Siberia, which was anti-Bolshevist, received our aid or protection. Whom did we protect? Whose efforts at law and order did we "steady"?

The only answer available is to be found in the recognition and assistance we have been willing to give the Kolchak Government at Omsk. But Admiral Kolchak achieved power, not through any recognized consent of the people, but through murder and violence. Quite true. Nevertheless the records which President Wilson and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have in their possession show beyond a doubt that the type of law and order that did receive our acquiescence in Siberia, the type of law and order that 8,000 boys of democratic America are in Siberia to assist and protect, is the type of law and order that was established against the wishes of the majority, against the wishes of the minority, against the wishes of the whole Russian people in Siberia, and only in response to the wishes of a small group of old army reactionaries and monarchists who were cast out of Moscow and Petrograd by the revolution, and who sought restoration to power by any means available, not stopping even at murder, as the events at Omsk indicated.

In other words, it comes down to this: that we appeared to be in Siberia to "steady the efforts" at law and order of a group of individuals whose monarchistic and reactionary tendencies were as obvious and barefaced, when I saw them in Omsk, as the Imperial crest which the officers in that city wore on their tunics. That group appears to be the centre around which Allied policy has finally swung its support, lending it money and munitions, and by the actual presence of military force, protecting it against any move from the masses to overthrow a Government that represents neither the will of the legitimate majority, nor the will of the legitimate minority.

So much for our second purpose in Siberia. After the successful reunion of the Czecho-Slovak forces and the elimination of active efforts of enemy prisoners, the President says a "period of relative quiet then ensued." He then makes a leap in his narrative to February, 1919. But that leap covers the very period in which occurred a series of events that marked a clear

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departure from the principles for which President Wilson invited public opinion in this country to support and endorse the landing of troops on Siberian soil. It is hard to believe that any Senators even remotely familiar with the situation can suppress a smile at a phrase that pulls the shade on the most important period of intervention-history as one of "relative quiet." Let us draw the shade and see what happened in that period.

In that "period of relative quiet" between October, 1918, and February, 1919, Japan lands seventy thousand troops in Siberia instead of some twenty thousand as agreed upon in the "plan" which President Wilson in his letter states we accepted. In that "period of relative quiet," Japan, called to account by the Allies for exceeding her quota, draws forty thousand troops out of Siberia and sends them into Korea and Manchuria, where for all practical purposes, by reason of Japan's control over the South Manchurian railroad lines, they are as much in Siberia as ever. In that "period of relative quiet" a group of monarchists and military officers of the old régime seize the members of the Omsk Government that invite our aid and coöperation in Siberia, murder two of them, throw the rest into jail or force them to flee, and institute themselves in power, with Admiral Kolchak as their champion. In that "period of relative quiet," the Russians in Siberia call to the Allies who are there "to steady" their efforts at self-defense, to protect them against the outrage committed on their government by Kolchak and his group of usurpers. The Allies, for some reason not indicated in the President's letter, refuse the Russians the protection and assistance they seek, although the Allied forces are there purposely to keep order and help democratic Russia achieve stable and orderly government.

In that "period of relative quiet" the important city of Vladivostock, under the eyes of the Allied military command, holds a "democratic" election and elects an anti-Kolchak administration. The city council thus elected is dispersed by force, the mayor is thrown into jail and later murdered, on the ground that he has tried to escape. In that "period of relative quiet," Russians in various parts of Siberia, losing faith in the motives behind intervention because of the passive indifference with which the Allies permitted Kolchak and his clique to destroy the government that the Russians had created, begin to manifest an intense aversion to Japanese soldiery. The Japanese wage war against these Russians in Eastern Siberia. The Japanese military authorities complain to General Graves that the American soldiers are sympathizing with the Bolsheviki, because they (the American soldiers) refuse, as it later develops, to join Japanese and Cossack soldiers in outrages against peaceful inhabitants. Japan finances the independent enterprises of two Cossack chiefs, Kalmikov in the north, and Semenov in central Siberia, neither of whom has any official connection with any visible government, at Omsk or anywhere else. Semenov is looting railroad trains, and Kalmikov is looting peasant villages, so that both have to be called to account by the American and British authorities at Vladivostock. In that "period of relative quiet," the Allies begin to supply the Kolchak usurpers with ammunition and materials with which to wage war on the Bolsheviki. The self-constituted individuals who make up the Kolchak Government find themselves sadly in need of funds, and revoke the Soviet prohibition on vodka, thereby doing almost all that can be done to destroy the last remaining energy in a peasantry already devitalized by the successive shocks of war and revolution. In that "period of relative quiet," in short, the whole Siberian situation, in the presence of the Allied forces placed there to help Russia, is plunged into a net of chaos, intrigue, corruption, and misery, a condition in which further attempts of the Russian people to express themselves one way or another is definitely throttled, a condition in which the control of Siberia is allowed to pass out of the hands of the people into the hands of the bandit Cossacks in the east, and into the hands of Admiral Kolchak and his clique of terrorists in the west.

Is all this development so unimportant that it can be dismissed with a phrase? Surely the Senate will not think so.

The obvious reply may be that our soldiers could not stop that development because it was our firm intention not to interfere in the internal affairs of the country. Yet the President in his letter, stating in one breath that General Graves is directed not to interfere in Russian affairs, states in almost the very next breath that one of the reasons for our assisting in the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railroad is that the "forces of Admiral Kolchak are entirely dependent upon these railways." But Admiral Kolchak is waging a civil war against the major portion of the Russian population. Non-Bolshevist Russia, controlled by Admiral Kolchak, has a population of some 15,000,000. Bolshevist Russia, controlled by the Soviets, has a population of 130,000,000. We support a blockade against Bolshevist Russia. We assist the forces of Admiral Kolchak with railways. Is not that interference with internal Russian affairs? The President must hold the intelligence of the United States Senate very cheap to expect it to think otherwise.

It is most striking that the President's letter indicates no alternative programme in case our present programme, as has happened with all previous Allied programmes in reference to Russia, should be defeated by facts and circumstances of which we have failed to take adequate account. His letter outlines a range of policy that is obviously based on the assumption that the Kolchak Government must stand. Surely we have proved most fallible in our previous guesses on the standing or falling qualities of Russian governments. What reason is there to assume that we are not backing the wrong horse again? The crumbling armies of Admiral Kolchak, the discouraging strength of the Bolshevist Government, certainly justify a bit of speculation. Suppose the Bolsheviki should regain control of Siberia, as my observations lead me to believe they will do within the next four months, if not sooner, what will happen to our railroad project, now that President Wilson has officially admitted it to be a measure of assistance to Admiral Kolchak? Given the sudden recovery of supremacy in Siberia by the Bolsheviki, what would happen to American capital that is being invested in loans and credits to the Kolchak Government, in supplies and munitions? Who will pay if the Kolchak Government falls? Will the Soviet Government that succeeds be called upon to recognize those debts, and will it be subjected again to world-wide condemnation if it decides to repudiate all debts made by the Kolchak régime? Will an army be kept in Siberia to enforce the payment of those debts?

In short, is American capital so without friends that no one is willing to warn it against throwing perfectly good money after bad, to warn it that there is nothing to be lost and everything to be gained by waiting a while; to open

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its eyes to a fact that is obvious to any disinterested observer travelling through Siberia, that if a Soviet Government does succeed the Kolchak régime, the economic needs of the country will compel it to throw open the avenues of opportunity to American business and enterprise that may remain closed for a long time if American capital identifies itself with the support of the existing forces of reaction and oppression?

Again, if the Bolsheviki reinstate themselves in Siberia, what will happen to our troops there? On the theory of non-interference will they have to pull out ignominiously; or will they be directed to join forces with the Japanese, and fight the Bolsheviki in the interest of democracy? All these are pertinent questions at a time when the Kolchak forces are being rolled back upon themselves. They are questions, however, that receive no clarification whatever in the President's letter.

It is important to note also that for the first time President Wilson in a public statement mentions the Bolshevists by name and the Kolchak Government by name. He speaks of "Bolshevist uprisings" and the necessity of aiding "the forces of Admiral Kolchak." But he has never yet made public just what he means by "Bolshevist," or what reasons have led him to believe that the Bolsheviki are black and the Kolchaki are white. Just what were the suddenly discovered virtues of the Kolchak Government that led him to pledge the support of the American people to that Government in the recent agreement signed at Paris by Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and himself? Does the Senate know? In moving for a declaration of war against Germany, the President never left the American people in the dark for a moment as to his reasons for so doing. Nor has he ever left the American people in the dark for a moment as to the reasons for his Mexican policy. But as yet there is no record of his having taken the American people into his confidence on the recent turns of our Russian or Siberian policy, except a letter which explains none of the matters upon which the Johnson resolution obviously expected an explanation.

The President in his letter speaks of our "coöperation with Russian authorities in this country." Who are the Russian authorities? Whom do they represent? It is known that we have some representatives here of the Provisional Government that ceased to function about two years ago. It is known that we have some representatives here of the Kolchak Government. It is known that we have in Martens and his bureau some representatives of the Bolshevist Government. With which Russian authorities are we working? Not with the Bolshevist authorities, the State Department assures us. Admittedly, with the other authorities. But the President in his letter places a sustained emphasis on the fact that the Russian people are entitled to help and assistance. If that is true, why do we refuse to work with the authorities that represent Bolshevist Russia, which has a population of 130,000,000, and decide to work only with the authorities that represent non-Bolshevist Russia, which has a population of only 15,000,000? We are repeatedly assured that we are not at war with Bolshevist Russia; but if we are not at war, why do we refuse to deal with its representatives, and why do we support a blockade against it? And if we do refuse to deal with Bolshevist Russia and do support a blockade against Bolshevist Russia, why do we not declare war on Bolshevist Russia and prepare to back up our 8,000 soldiers in Siberia in the event of the recovery of Siberia by the Bolsheviki?

None of these questions are answered in the President's letter, the Senate being required to satisfy itself with the bland assurance that we need men in Siberia to protect our railroad; that the population of that country is entitled to all the economic relief we can bring it. The President, in the last third of his letter, pursues this theme doggedly, as though, everything else failing, it alone would justify our course in Siberia. Thus, in one paragraph, discussing the economic needs of the people of Siberia, he declares that having "contributed their quota to the Russian armies which fought the Central Empires for three and a half years, they now look to the Allies and the United States for economic assistance." In a succeeding paragraph we are told that "all elements of the population in Siberia look to the United States for assistance," and that this assistance cannot be given "to the population of Siberia and ultimately to Russia" if the railroad project is abandoned. Again, urging the need of aid to the "vast population of Siberia" as indispensable under the "conditions which have followed the prolonged and exhausting participation by Russia in the war against the Central Powers," President Wilson in the final paragraph concludes that "this participation was obviously of incalculable value to the Allied cause, and in a very particular way commends the exhausted people who suffered from it to such assistance as we can render to bring about their industrial and economic rehabilitation."

There can be no quarrel with these statements. The arguments are also convincing, excepting that both the statements and the arguments, if they apply at all to the people of Siberia, apply with tremendously greater force to the people of European Russia. President Wilson speaks of the "vast population of Siberia." The population of Siberia at the most is about 15,000,000 souls, less than three times that of Greater New York, less than five times that of the city of Tokio. However, if the population of 15,000,000 who require economic assistance in Siberia is truly "vast," how much vaster is the number and the economic need of 130,000,000 people in Bolshevist Russia against whom we are supporting an Allied blockade!

If the population of Siberia contributed its quota to the Russian armies which fought the Central Powers for three and a half years, and is therefore entitled to our assistance, how much more entitled to the assistance of the United States and the Allies is the population of Bolshevist Russia, which contributed easily eight-tenths of the Russian armies that fought the Central Powers for three and a half years!

What is the logic or the principle of justice that makes the President's own arguments applicable to the 15,000,000 Russians in Siberia and not applicable to the 130,000,000 Russians in Soviet Russia? The 130,000,000 people of Soviet Russia did all the things that "in a very particular way" commend the people of Siberia to "such assistance as we can render to bring about their industrial and economic rehabilitation," and yet our policy toward these 130,000,000 people appears to be not only to support a blockade against them, but even to supply with munitions, materials, and railroads a military dictatorship that is waging war against them. Why? The President's letter, in which we had so eagerly awaited a complete clarification of our Russian policy, makes no answer. Perhaps no answer is possible if we must confine our considerations to the metaphysical Siberia of August, 1918, instead of the empirical Siberia of August, 1919.

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The Indo-Afghan Problem

By BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

INDIA is passing through a tremendous crisis, the most critical since the Indian war of Independence of 1857. Organized revolutionary uprisings have occurred in distant parts of India; in the provinces of the Punjab and Bengal, Bombay and the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. The immediate cause of the present revolutionary outbreaks in India is officially ascribed to the enactment of the Rowlatt Bills that practically place the country under martial law in peace time, and seek to crush all activities for the political emancipation of the teeming millions of Hindustan.

Apart from the revolution within, the British Raj is confronted with a formidable invasion from without. On the 9th of May, the day before the sixty-second anniversary of the Sepoy Revolution of 1857, the Afghan forces invaded India and captured several mountain tops commanding the historic Khyber Pass and other positions of strategic importance. The line of attack gradually extended to the south. The Afghan soldiers under General Nadir Khan crossed the British frontier at several points, and held the British at bay. Heavy casualties were reported on both sides.

This Afghan invasion of India had been expected for a long time, for ever since the world-war began the Hindu revolutionists had been working to induce the Amir to free India from the British yoke. German and Turkish influences, too, were felt there. Amir Habibullah Khan was a keen and experienced statesman. He was carefully watching the progress of the war, and waiting patiently. He wrote letters to both the German Kaiser and the British King, and humored them both. He was assassinated on Feb. 20 last, and Afghanistan was a scene of great excitement. The late Amir's brother, Nasarullah Khan, declared himself the ruler of Afghanistan at Jelalabad. The crown prince, Inayatullah Khan, declared himself the Amir at Kabul, the capital of the kingdom. At last the quarrels resulted in the ascension to the throne of Amanullah Khan, the third son of the late Amir.

The new Amir very soon declared the complete independence of Afghanistan, and almost simultaneously invaded India, with the help of his regular troops and the border tribesmen. The Afghan postmaster at Peshawar, British India, was using his office as a centre of propaganda, and was planning a local Mohammedan outbreak, to make it convenient for the advancing Afghan troops to capture this strategic city. British vigilance nipped the attempt in the bud. The invasion, nevertheless, assumed such a threatening attitude that the Maharajas of Patiala, Karpurthala, Ratnam, Faridkote, Nepal, and others offered men and money to help the British out of their awkward predicament.

The defiant attitude of the young Amir may easily be judged from the following message from the Afghan Government to the British Government: "As regard the outbreak of war between Afghanistan and Britain, I have the honor to inform you that British officers commenced an unlawful war without any declaration of war on any side, and by this aggressive step inflicted heavy losses on the civil population and the army of Afghanistan by throwing bombs from aeroplanes. I am informed by His Majesty the King of the independent Kingdom of Afghanistan that His Majesty has received a letter from his Excellency the Viceroy, and in consequence of that I am ordered to suspend the war, thus unlawfully begun by your side, until further orders."

In the meantime the Amir was making "offensive preparations along the whole frontier," and exchanging friendly greetings with Lenin and Trotzky. The London *Times* for May 29 reports: "Wireless messages transmitted to Moscow by the Bolsheviki at Tashkent on the 20th instant announce the receipt of two letters from Kabul, dated April 7. In one of these the Amir offered 'the honored President of the Russian Republic the friendly greetings of his friend Amanullah.' In reply the Russian Government wrote in part: 'In the name of the Workmen and Peasants' Government, we express our sincere desire to enter into diplomatic negotiations with the Afghan people. . . . The Soviet Government, from the first day they received power, have heralded to the whole world their desire not merely to recognize the right of self- determination of all peoples, both great and small, but to render assistance to those peoples who are struggling for their independence, and for the right to settle their own internal life in accordance with their own desires, without permitting the interference of the great foreign imperialist governments. The Soviets have restored all that was taken away by the Russian Czars, and have afforded autonomy to all Mussulman peoples. To those who desired to remain voluntarily in the Russian Socialist Federated Republic of Soviets, the Soviets have afforded material and military aid. Directly the Soviet Government learned of the declaration of independence of the Afghan people, that moment they admitted the desirability of entering into contact with the Afghan people.' "

Over and above these professions of friendship, the Bolshevist forces have already defeated the Russian anti-Bolshevist trans-Caspian forces and captured Merv and its surrounding ripening harvest fields. They have also captured Kushk, the railroad terminus of the Russian line, situated on the Russo-Afghan frontier. Herat, the supremely strategic Afghan fortified city, is only fifty miles from Kushk. Sir Henry Rawlinson, the British military expert, said long ago of the Russia of the Czars: "Russia in possession of Herat would have a grip on the throat of India," and even the London *Times* admits to-day that "British prestige will suffer throughout this part of Asia."

In modern times the sand of international politics is shifting rather strangely. Friends are becoming foes, and foes friends. Before the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, the British Lion was morbidly afraid of the Russian Bear. The British military preparedness in the northwestern provinces of India was most thorough. Millions upon millions were spent for forts, armaments, and strategic railroads, to defend India against Russian invasions. The British Raj went even so far as to pay an annual tribute of $600,000 to the Amir of Afghanistan to keep him from making any foreign connections, and to use his mountainous kingdom as a buffer state. When the war began in 1914, the British were afraid of a Turko-German invasion of India through Afghanistan. Now, after the defeat of the Germans and the Turks, and the capture of the Russian government by the Bolshevist idealists, the same Russia is again threatening the existence of British rule in India. Unlike the Czars, the Bolsheviki seek not to conquer India, but to liberate her from the yoke of British imperialism. In their desperate struggle for

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existence the Bolsheviki are seeking an outlet in India and in China. What Sobolev said long ago is also true of to-day: "The more powerful Russia becomes in Central Asia, the weaker does England become in India."

The international importance of Afghanistan cannot be overestimated. Since the defeat and threatened disruption of Turkey, Afghanistan is the most powerful and solidly organized country in the Mohammedan world, and her strategic position is favorable for the defence of British India. Afghanistan is twice as large as the total area of Great Britain and Ireland; both Germany and Bulgaria could easily be placed inside it. It has a population of 6,000,000 people, composed of races like the Chabors, Ghilzais, Aimaks, Kafirs, Hazars, Tojiks, Pathans and Uzbegs. The Afghan Mohammedans are mostly of the Sunni sect, but they cherish no bitterness of feeling against the Shias.

The Amir has a standing army of about 75,000, but he can, unless internal complications arise, raise an army of about 1,000,000 men. The late Amirs Abdar Rahaman and Habibullah Khan organized the army with this purpose in view. They built forts, military roads, and storehouses, engaged German and Turkish military experts for the organization of armies, arsenals and military factories; they had the best French, German and English military books translated into native languages, and used the British subsidy in purchasing arms and ammunitions from India, America, and Europe. In consequence, the modern forts of the land are well equipped with Maxims, howitzers, Nordenfeld and Hotchkiss guns, and the military factories at Kabul have for some time been turning out every week two guns, 175 rifles, 2,000 cartridges and proportionate amounts of other munitions. There is, however, not a single mile of railroad in the country, though the main highways are suitable for the construction of military railroads.

Most of the many invasions of India have come through Afghanistan; so the defence of British India requires a friendly Amir. In view of this fact the present hostilities between the two neighboring states are fraught with complications of rather serious nature. For besides the Russo-Afghan agreement, there is an imminent possibility of a *jehad*—a holy war—with which the entire Mohammedan world would sympathize, and in which Afghanistan would actively participate. It is useless to deny that the proposed partition of Turkey among the greedy international imperialists, and the consequent humiliation of the Sultan as Khalif has most substantially united the Mohammedans all over the world in a spirit of *jehad* or holy war, primarily against the British; and the cold-blooded massacre of the Egyptian nationalists by the British has intensified the feeling. Today the hearts of 70,000,000 Mohammedans of India are beating in unison with those of Afghanistan, Persia, Bukhara, Turkey, Egypt, and Algeria, and if this spirit of militancy can once affect the Mohammedan regiments in the British-Indian army, then there may result an eruption beyond the control not only of the British Government, but also of the new Holy Alliance known as the League of Nations.

For the time being, the Afghans and the British are discussing the terms of the armistice.* This does not mean much in Anglo-Afghan relations. They have already suspended and renewed hostilities several times since the war began. While they are talking peace, a report comes from Simla that "British armored cars, cavalry, and infantry, made a combined attack on the raiders on Khajuri Plain yesterday (June 21). Twenty-five prisoners were captured. The tribesmen near Dakka who followed our cavalry on Friday suffered fifty casualties, half of which were fatal. Two battalions of a Nepalese contingent have arrived at Abbottabad (West of Peshawar)." It is quite evident that both sides are preparing for a protracted war which may radically change the color of the map of the world.

*This article was written before the recent peace agreement between Britain and Afghanistan.—Ed. *The Nation.*

Documents

Appeal of the Socialist Youth of Poland

THE first Congress of the Socialist Youth of Poland, held at Warsaw on April 16, issued to the Socialist youth of the world the following appeal, which appeared in *l'Humanité* for July 9:

To the Socialist Youth of All Countries: The first Congress of the Polish Socialist Youth, deliberating in free and independent Poland, liberated from the yoke of the triple Czarism—Russian, German and Austrian—sends a fraternal greeting to the Socialist youth of the whole world.

Through all the frontiers, the ramparts, and the trenches prepared by the international reaction to scatter the forces of the international revolutionary proletariat resounds the old appeal, "Proletarians of all countries unite," which in the near future will become the most powerful instrument of the future evolution of humanity.

In this great historic moment, when the era of universal goodwill approaches, and when a new social, economic, and intellectual life is already being forged in the fire of an intellectual revolution, we take up, in full consciousness of the task before us, the fight against the bourgeoisie which still rules in Poland, and against that insufficient preparation of the working class for its social rôle which is the most terrible of all enemies of Socialism. We shall fight in order that new men may be able to build a new life, so that the Polish proletariat may be able to obtain the quickest possible realization of its ideal. We protest to the proletariat of the whole world against the policy of our bourgeoisie, which thrusts the Polish peasant and working-man into a war of annexation against the peasant and working-man of Revolutionary Russia, in order to defend the interests of a handful of great landed proprietors and capitalists.

We are convinced that the hour is not far distant when the independent Socialist Republic of Poland will be part of a League of Socialist Republics of all the nations, which will in common pursue the realization of the eternal ideals of humanity—goodness, truth, and beauty.

Industrial Democracy in German-Austria

THE following summary of the German-Austrian bill for the establishment of Works' Councils appeared in *The Neutral Press Supplement* to *The Review of the Foreign Press:*

1. Works' Councils of workers and employees will be established in all concerns in which at least ten workers or employees are permanently employed, especially in all industrial concerns, mines, railways, building operations, financial institutions, insurance offices of all kinds, in coöperation associations, concerns run as a monopoly, lawyers' offices, infirmaries, etc., hotels and inns, schools, theatres, concert halls, cinemas, and printing establishments.

Councils will also be established in concerns connected with

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forestry and agriculture, in which at least twenty workers or employees are engaged permanently at a salary.

2. In all public offices, including those managed by or subordinate to the Ministry of Communications, *e. g.*, the railways, shipping, the post, telegraph, and telephone services, the Works' Councils will be created by special regulations based on agreements between the administration of such and those employed in them.

3. The Works' Councils are called upon to further and secure the economic, social, and cultural interest of the workers and employees, and they are to exercise their functions without interrupting the business of the establishment concerned. Their special tasks include the following:

They are to carry out and develop collective labor agreements where they exist, and introduce such agreements where they do not exist.

They are to be consulted with regard to the fixation of wages for piecework, if not already fixed by a collective labor agreement. Should they fail to come to an agreement, the matter must be referred to a conciliation board, which is to have access to all ledgers and papers of the owner of the business.

They are to be consulted before orders with regard to working conditions can be issued or altered.

They are to control the execution and observance of all laws and regulations touching workers' protection, the hygienic condition of factories, the prevention of accidents, and workers' insurance.

They are to maintain discipline in the works. Disciplinary punishment is only to be inflicted by an arbitration court, to which the owner of the concern and the Works' Council will each send a representative.

They are to supervise the payment of wages by examining the wages lists. At their demand, the arbitration court will decide as to deductions from wages other than those due to disciplinary punishment.

They are to participate in the administration of welfare institutions.

They may appeal against the dismissal of workers and employees for political activities connected with membership of the Council, or for having made use of the right to combine. Should the conciliation board consider their appeal justified, the dismissal will not take effect.

They may require the owner of the business to discuss with them the improvement of conditions in the works. They may demand from the employer an annual report on the business done, the financial situation, and on wages.

4. In the case of independent portions of a business establishment special Works' Councils will be established, with representation on the main Works' Council.

5. The Councils will send representatives to the General Administration of Socialised Establishments in accordance with a law to be presently issued. They are to determine how that part of the net profits of a business accruing to the workers and employees is to be spent, and look after its application.

6. The creation of organisations for connecting the Works' Councils with each other is to be the subject of special legislation.

7. The members of a Council will be elected by the workers and employees by direct secret ballot, and of Councils with at least five members on the principle of proportional voting. All persons of either sex over eighteen who have been employed in the concern for at least one month on the day of the election may vote. All such voters are eligible for election when they are twenty, as are members of the committee and officials of the workers' and employees' association, provided that never more than one-third of the members of the Council are non-voters.

8. The Works' Council will remain in office one year, but must retire on the demand of a majority of those empowered to vote.

9. The first Council election will be conducted by the three senior voters; subsequent elections, by the Council.

10. The number of members of a Works' Council will be as follows:

In works employing between ten and 100 hands: three members.

In works employing between 100 and 200 hands: four members.

One additional member will be added for each 100 voters or fraction of a hundred over fifty.

In works employing over 1,000 hands there will be one member of the Council for each 500, or fraction of 500 over 250.

11. In all concerns in which ten workers and ten employees are permanently engaged, each group will elect a Works' Council. Matters affecting both workers and employees will be decided at joint meetings of the two Councils.

12. The Council will determine its order of business by a majority of votes.

13. In works employing more than fifty hands the Council may impose a levy on the workers' earnings of at most one-half of one per cent. for expenses and welfare purposes. The Council must account in writing for its expenditures.

14. Disputes between those employed in a business concern, or between them and the employer, due to the activities of the Works' Council, will be decided by the Conciliation Board.

15. Employers may not prevent workers from voting, and may not restrict their activities as members of a Works' Council. No member of the Council may be dismissed without the sanction of the Conciliation Board.

16. Detailed provisions relating to the elections and the order of business of the Councils will be issued.

17. The Ministry for Social Administration will carry out the provisions of this Bill, which will come into force one month after its publication.

A Cossack Manifesto

FOLLOWING is a manifesto issued by the Cossack Section of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee:

Comrades, workers and peasants of France, England, America, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Japan, Italy, and other countries: We, Cossack communists, members of the Cossack section of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the Soviets of the Workers', Peasants', Cossacks', and Red Army Deputies, members of all Cossack armies and regions, in appealing to you to fight international capital hereby declare:

We, the Cossacks of Don, Terek, Astrakhan, Ural, Orenburg, Siberian Kuban, Transbaikalia, Ussuria, Semirechia and Amur, are not fighting under the banner of the counter-revolutionary generals Krasnov, Doutov, and Denikin, but stand shoulder to shoulder with the Red Army of Soviet Russia. We are fighting against the enemies of the International Socialist Revolution.

Are you aware, comrade workers of foreign lands, that the invincible Red Army of the Soviet Government of Workers and Soldiers of Russia has defeated the White Guard legions of the Czarist ataman Krasnov?

Large numbers of regiments of Don Cossacks have come and are coming over to our side.

We defeated the forces of General Doutov, and we are now breaking up the forces of Denikin and other leaders of the Black Hundred monarchists and their White Guard armies. You are surely told differently about us Cossacks by the Governments of your bankers and multi-millionaires, by the Wilsons, Lloyd Georges, Clemenceaus; by the compromisers, Scheidemann, Ebert, and others. They are assuring you that the Cossacks defend the capitalists, the generals, the merchants, the landlords, and the clergy. They are only lying to you. Do not believe your bankers and capitalists!

A part of our brother Cossacks, duped by the generals, were in the ranks of the white guards, but at the present time the mass of the Cossacks have had their eyes opened, and together with the sturdy, victorious Red Army, the powerful buttress of the World Social Revolution, is wiping off the earth all enemies of the laboring masses.

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Arise quickly, foreign fellow-workers. Take the power of government into your toil-hardened hands. Stop feeding by your toil the idlers and bankers, while you are drowning in the blood of your brothers. Establish soviet governments in your own lands. Organize your Red Army! Long live the International Red Army, the terror of the capitalists of all countries! No more bankers and capitalists! No more slaves! One family of the toilers of the world!

Hold higher then, the invincible Red banner of communism, and the International Proletariat! Long live the International Communist Party (of Bolsheviki)!

Long live the International Social Revolution, and its great leaders, Lenin, Trotsky, Maclean, Debs!

Long live the Third International!

(*Signed*) *The Cossack Section of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of Soviets:*

Chicherin on the Situation of Soviet Russia

IN a wireless message of June 16, Chicherin makes the following statement concerning the internal and external situation of Soviet Russia, about which so many conflicting statements are current in the press:

Our mighty work of reconstruction is well under way, although we have not yet passed out of the period of external attacks. We are in the midst of the combat, and the ninth wave of attack is now surging upon us; a great army has been created, which is formally administered by Czarist officers and is hurling itself against us. In the South, Denikin's army is receiving excellent war materials from the Entente; Rumania and Poland serve as a mask for France, while England is using Esthonia and Finland in the same manner.

The Entente is provisioning these White Guard governments, and the English fleet is protecting the landing of troops in the vicinity of Petrograd and preparing for serious attacks on this city. The Entente has summoned the White troops of General Yudenich and other Czarist generals; it is forcing the Finnish government to attack us; and new English volunteer formations have appeared in the extreme north (Murmansk front).

In the interior of the country, capitalistic agents are in vain attempting to shake our strength by the use of foreign money. The billows of conflict are running high. We have held our own against all; we have drawn our strength from the revolutionary and proletarian foundation; we survived even Brest-Litovsk, because our revolutionary force was mobilized against the predatory victor. We now are mobilizing this force to oppose the world imperialism which is attacking us. We are the only ones who resisted; all the capitalist states are down on their knees, impotent before the victor.

Soviet Russia and Soviet Hungary are offering resistance because their powers are the powers of the proletarian revolution, of the Communist dictatorship, which alone can liberate the working masses. The path we tread is the straight path, and we are borne along by the flow of universal history. Our enemies are innumerable; numerous are the difficulties that we must overcome, within the country as well as without, and yet our Soviet governments are the only ones whose power is growing. The nations of the Entente are on the downward path; their armies are declining, the revolutionary armies on the other hand are growing in number and in discipline, and the oppressed of all nations are beginning to understand that our path is the path they must follow.

The entire Orient is in the throes of a revolutionary movement, while our example has shown that the power of the proletarian revolution is invincible, in spite of all transitory difficulties, and this conviction will soon penetrate to the minds of all the oppressed.

Foreign Press

The Psychology of Atmosphere

WE reprint below a portion of an article by Jerome K. Jerome, in *Common Sense* (London) for July 12.

. . . During the first winter of the war I was in America. In New York I mingled with the crowds on Broadway, and spent a portion of my evenings arguing with gentlemen that I had never met before. Most of them were Germans, many of them Irishmen, others were Dagos or Swedes. The American proper was at that time regarding the whole thing as a dog-fight. He was not at all sure how it had begun. As often as not he laid the blame on England, who, he thought, had deliberately egged on France and Russia in the hope of capturing German trade. In Chicago, where every third person in the streets talked German (it is now, I am told, guttural English, and more difficult to understand), I found myself intensely patriotic. I used to repeat Mr. Asquith's statement that England had entered the war for purely altruistic ideals, and, if victorious, would refuse to benefit by a single square mile of territory. And I used to get indignant when met with more or less polite laughter.

And then I went to Washington, with its broad, quiet avenues, its restful parks, and quiet spaces. And somehow the war seemed to me to have become an ugly, futile thing. I could see no good, but only evil, coming out of it, whichever side might win. A sowing of anger and hatred and misunderstanding that would put the world back for generations. A license given to greed and violence, whichever group might be victorious. For I had remembered the late Lord Salisbury's pronouncement at the beginning of the Boer War, that "England desired neither gold nor territory." And the fine phrases of our journalists and politicians were beginning to loose their hold on me. An undoing of the patient work for the lessening of the world's sorrows to which far-seeing men and women had devoted their lives. The letting loose of new revenges. The burying of hopes. The triumph of blood and iron, whichever flag went down into the dust, whichever flag still waved above the carnage. I had the benefit of a talk with President Wilson. He struck me as a kindly, level-minded man. I gathered that he took long views, and that Reason was to him the only guide to which a statesman should pay heed. He dwelt upon the position of America, with its eighteen million citizens of German blood, its vast populations of Italians, Scandinavians, and Russians. His language, I admit, was guarded. The mistake may have been mine. But I understood—and so recorded my impression at the time in an English newspaper—that President Wilson's opinion was that America would serve the world better by continuing to remain neutral. So that towards the end there should remain one great power, unmoved by hate and passion, to speak the word of reason, to undertake the work of reconciliation. America, forming with its mixed populations a complete epitome of Europe, would be able to view the situation with charity to all, with malice to none. I think at that time President Wilson saw himself, humbly and reverently, as the chosen instrument that should bring healing to the world. Fate decreed otherwise. But history, looking back, may regret that President Wilson changed his mind. Whilst still regarding himself as a possible peace-maker, President Wilson used these words: "Victory (on either side) would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but as upon quicksand. . . . The world can be at peace only if its life is stable, and there can be no stability where the will is in rebellion, where there is not tranquility of spirit and a sense of justice, of freedom, and of right."

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Had the peace been made in Washington—as it should have been—"justice, freedom, and right" might have prevailed. A tragedy from which the whole world will suffer for generations to come has been brought about by change of atmosphere. President Wilson should never have left Washington. The air of Paris—the cradle of European militarism—was fatal to him. Paris is the very last place that should have been selected for a peace conference. Its stones have echoed to the tramp of armies from the days of Charlemagne. Its council chambers reek of vengeance and despair. Paris has killed peace. President Wilson, speaking at Washington on the eve of America's declaration of war, can say: "We have no quarrel with the German people. We are the sincere friends of the German people. We shall fight for the right of nations, great and small, to choose their own way of life and obedience, the German people included." At Versailles, he initials the edict condemning them to starvation, hands millions of them over to the rule of their enemies, condemns the whole German people for generations to come to economic slavery. Breathing the air of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the land of Penn, of Washington, of Lincoln, President Wilson can say:

We believe in the self-government of all people, in the right of all people to participation in the economic opportunities of the world, the German people included. The dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem no proper basis for an enduring peace.

Amid the gilt and glass of Versailles, President Wilson proceeds to dismember the German Empire.

Change of air. The theme makes grim comedy. Lloyd George, addressing Trade Unionists in the democratic air of Caxton Hall, raises righteous hands in protest against the iniquities of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, denounces German war-lords for having broken their plighted word, for having torn whole provinces from the bleeding side of helpless Russia, for having sought to economically enslave her. Eighteen months later, Lloyd George in the Jingo atmosphere of the House of Commons has already forgotten the promises on which we induced Germany to lay down her arms, announces amid cheers that we have torn provinces "as large as Scotland" from the body of Germany. Lloyd George, the Premier of an Empire possessing India, Egypt, Gibraltar, Ireland and the Boer Republics, and about to add another 800,000 square miles to its territory, virtuously argues that Germany had no moral right to these out-lying provinces of hers; gloats over the economic ruin we have accomplished upon Germany; raises roars of laughter by quoting the words of Christ; and boasts that England has now become the most powerful military country in the world. We are the creatures of the air we breathe.

Denikin and Dividends

THE following article by J. T. Walton Newbold appeared in *The Labour Leader* (London) for July 17.

The persistent attack made upon Russian Socialism by the Allied Governments is to be explained partly by the fear of a successful experiment in Socialism, which would reveal the wastefulness, the inadequacy, the inequality, and the cruelty of the capitalist system. But that is not the whole explanation. Allied capitalists have an intimate interest in the economic settlement of Russia, and they would prefer that settlement to be on the old lines. That would mean the continuance of the opportunity to exploit the mineral riches of Russia, which was so unkindly taken from them by Lenin and Trotsky in the interests of the Russian people. Therefore, Lenin and Trotsky must be overthrown, and if that process is assisted by calling the two Bolshevik leaders blackguards and ruffians there are plenty of scribes willing to write that every day if they are paid to write it!

Koltchak and Denikin and Co., in their military efforts to smash the Russian Soviet Government, may rely upon the Allies for the supply of tanks, munitions, poison gas, and a host of similar capitalist arguments.

What kind of interest in Russian affairs is it that makes the capitalist governments support Koltchak and Denikin?

Let us see.

Besides the wonderful wealth of coal, iron, cement, manganese, and other solid minerals which is to be found in Southeastern Russia, and the remarkable fertility of the soil in the Ukraine, the area of Russia wherein General Denikin and General Gregorieff are operating, possesses other treasures of extreme importance. Petroleum, in the development of which "the conspicuous part played by British capital is well-known," is found in enormous quantities on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, around the Caspian, and in the northwestern region of the Ukraine in Galicia. Up the valley of the Danube, which is now to be "internationalised," in Roumania, there is more petroleum, and, over and amid the Carpathians, in the Transylvanian area, there is both petroleum and natural gas.

Liquid fuel is of immense consequence in a civilization such as ours. The oil engine is becoming of predominant importance in road transport, in aerial navigation, in agricultural engineering—a very interesting development of which is the auto-tractor—and is assuming the position of an essential product also in marine engineering and in naval warfare. That is to say, petroleum supply is becoming a key industry—an essential alike of economic and of political power. Petroleum pumping and refining afforded the original basis on which was raised the mighty commercial, industrial and financial edifice of the supreme American "Money Power," the Rockefeller interests. The Rothschilds, the Nobels, and other European monetary houses reinforced their position by the exploitation of Galicia and of Caucasia, whilst the Royal Dutch Shell, with its holdings in the Dutch Islands of the Far East, as well as the Burmah Oil Company, have an immediate as well as an ultimate concern to watch, to check, or to control the output of Central Asia.

Russia is a terrible menace, whether she come to be exploited by some rival money power, protected by some hostile political state, or, worse and worse, by a working class economic polity intent on destroying world capitalism by using its vast labour power in application to unparalleled natural resources to undercut and to ruin its profit-worshipping persecutors.

The wisdom of this terrific and final struggle between Red Russia, scientifically applying the labour power of the millions of Eurasian workers to natural resources, immense beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, and the old capitalist nations of Western Europe and of America has been seen by the incomparable genius of Lenin, and perceived and fought by the political hacks of Wall Street, the Bourse and Throgmorton Avenue. It is for us in the West to comprehend this socialist statesmanship and, comprehending, to fight within the enemy capitalist states to complete the ruin of our mutual oppressors.

Denikin is the biggest danger to the workers of the world, because he operates from the very centre of the land-mass of the Old World. If Denikin and his supporters should win, then capitalism will harness the low-paid, unorganised workers of Asia to their profit-grinding engine in a prodigious effort to undersell the labor of the relatively high-paid workers of Britain, France and America.

"In oil Baku is incomparable," says a well-known British expert in petroleum and its industries, "and I know of no oil city that will compare with its subterranean wealth. . . .Baku is greater than any other oil city in the world. If oil is king, Baku is its throne."

The aim and purpose of the British capitalists in rendering every support to Denikin may be judged from the following quotations:

The gradual extension of Allied influence in the Caucasus is shown by the better news from Baku and Maikop (in the Northern Caucasus Maikop is in the hands of General Denikin's troops) given in this issue. It will be remembered that the former locality and its neighborhood was some time ago con-

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stituted a small Republic under the name of Azerbaijan. . . . The coöperation of the Baku local Government reported recently in the reorganization of the oil industry, therefore, is that of the small Republic, and it is a pleasure to read that this co-operation is under British direction. . . . The market is either internal Russia or else it is the world at large, which latter can be reached only by way of the Black Sea. As for Russia, there seems to be a zone of Bolshevism to the north of Baku that interferes with such a market.

Petrotsk, on the Caspian, was recently reported a Bolshevik centre; so was Astrakhan, the great Caspian oil port. . . . The market will extend as the zone of Allied influence broadens. There is evidence of an intelligent policy on the part of the British Government, and that policy may be said to have for one of its chief objects the restoration of the Caucasian oil industry and traffic, under British control. . . . Shareholders in Roumanian and Russian oil companies have, therefore, on the whole, grounds for moderate cheerfulness.—*Petroleum World,* Feb., 1919.

Who are these shareholders of genuine democracy? Who are these custodians of the lives and honour of working men and women? Who are these patriots of a world-wide Fatherland?

R. W. Barnett, M. P., Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd. (Baku).
Sir W. W. Rutherford, M. P., Baku-Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd.
Hon. S. Bouverie, Barclay's Bank, Ltd., and Ural-Caspian Oil Corporation, Ltd.
E. Caillard, "Sunday Times," Lt., and North Caspian Oil Corporation, Ltd.
A. W. Kerby, Famous-Lasky Film Service, Ltd., and the North Caucasian Oilfields, Ltd.
F. Straker, Strakers and Love (coal owners) and North Caucasian Oilfields, Ltd.
Sir J. S. Harmood-Banner, M. P., Pearson and Knowles, Ltd., Low Moor Iron Co., Ltd., and the Kuban Black Sea Oilfields, Ltd.
Col. R. H. Rawson, M. P., Black Sea Amalgamated Oilfields, Ltd.
Davison Dalziel, "The Daily Express' and the Cheleken Oilfields, Ltd.
The Earl of Carrick (address, War Office, Whitehall), Emba-Caspian Oil Co., Ltd.
Sir Lindsay Wood, John Bowes and Partners, Ltd., and Baku Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd. (1917 share list).
Sir J. S. Compton-Rickett, M. P., John Bowes and Partners, Ltd., and Baku Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd. (1917 share list).
Earl of Dysart, John Bowes and Partners, Ltd., and Baku Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd. (1917 share list).
Lady Joicey, John Bowes and Partners, Ltd., and Baku Russian Petroleum Co., Ltd. (1917 share list).
Charles Carlow, Russian and Eastern Agency, Ltd. (1917 share list).
Sir R. Balfour, M. P., Russian and Eastern Agency, Ltd. (1917 share list).
Otto List (Stubben Strasse, Berlin), Russian and Eastern Agency, Ltd. (1917 share list).
etc., etc., etc.

The thought in the minds of some of General Denikin's most influential supporters may be gauged from the following statement made by the chairman of four Caucasian oil corporations at the annual meeting of the *Bibi-Erbat Oil Co., Ltd.* (a company which, according to the City Editor of *John Bull,* has suffered seriously from "the recent troubles"):

In the Caucasus, from Batoum on the Black Sea eastward to Baku on the Caspian, and from Vladikavkas southward to Tiflis, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Persia, British forces have made their appearance, and have been welcomed by nearly every race and creed, who look to us to free them—some from the Turkish yoke and some from that of Bolshevism.

The only fly in the ointment is the usual weak-kneed attitude of our own Government, who, cowed by the Little England attitude of the masses, have lost no time in announcing that the entry of our troops into these regions implies no intention of permanent occupation.

Never before in the history of these islands was there such an opportunity for the peaceful penetration of British influence and British trade for the creation of a second India or a second Egypt, but the feeble voices of our politicians, under the heel of democracy, drown all such aspirations, and I fear we can take little comfort from the half-promise that the future of Caucasia is to be considered by the Peace Conference.

The oil industry of Russia, liberally financed and properly organised under British auspices, would in itself be a valuable asset to the Empire. . . . Russia's oil industry is still, granted normal conditions, the second greatest in the world, and a golden opportunity offers itself at the present moment to the British Government to exercise a powerful influence upon the immense production of the Grozuy, Baku, and Trans-Caspian fields, and—still nearer home—perhaps upon the oilfields of Roumania, rich in priceless petrol.

It is an opportunity that our enemy, the Germans, were eager to seize upon directly they thought they were masters of the situation, and I wish I could think that the lesson might not be lost on our own political rulers.—Petroleum World, Jan., 1919.

That was spoken in December last, before Churchill brought the political action of his Dundee economic power to the support of Denikin. Since then the situation has improved for these apt pupils, these eager copyists of the Germans. "The heel of democracy" has been temporarily wounded in a General Election. The capitalists are in office as never before, and their executive committee hastens to support every international reactionary whose bullying and thuggery may in future compel Donetz miners and Maikop and Baku oil pumpers to blackleg "the iron battalions of the proletariat" whom Smillie and Cramp and Williams are slowly but surely marshalling and training for the great task of working-class emancipation at home.

Notes

LE POPULAIRE for July 13 makes the following specific charges against the commission in charge of the registration of citizens in Alsace suspected of German sympathies: that the commission is composed of men who, though Alsatian by birth, do not know Alsace, or have been subject to German persecution, and are therefore prejudiced; that the judges are neither sworn in nor responsible to anyone for their decisions; that the witnesses are not required to give their testimony under oath, and frequently present false testimony; that the accused does not know his accuser, is not permitted to examine the evidence, and has not the right of counsel for his defense; he is regarded as guilty until he is proved innocent, and is not allowed to appeal his case. The commission is not even obliged to state the charge. As a result, numerous Alsatians, some of whom have been twenty or thirty years in the service of Alsace-Lorraine, have been summarily arrested and subsequently deported. In the cases of the poorer citizens, no provision has been made for their families, who are either cared for by private charity, or remain without any means of existence.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from *The Kölnische Zeitung,* a large meeting of all sections of the German middle class, comprising representatives from several of the lower Rhine districts, was held recently at Geldern. The meeting, desirous of coördinating the much scattered ranks of the middle class, with the view to protecting its future interests, founded the "Lower Rhenish Middle Class Union." The Union will be strictly non-political, its objects being economic. It will start with a membership of nearly 1,000, and the organization will be completed as soon as possible.

DISCUSSING the general introduction of the eight-hour day into Germany, *Hansa* sets forth conditions in other countries regarding hours of labor. In Australia the eight-hour day was introduced in 1856; in Russia, Hungary and Austria it has been adopted since the Revolution; in Switzerland it is to be introduced in October. It was adopted by the French Senate in April, 1919. In England it already exists in many industries, and is likely soon to become general; it is also general in Italy. The exceptions are America and Japan. In the former a ten-hour day is general, but many industries have the eight-hour day. In Japan, where hours are longest, ten and twelve-hour days are general, and even seventeen hours without a Sunday rest in not unknown.

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